# BLACK WHITE & BLOODSHOT®



## DIRECTOR'S CUT

# REMEMBERING DON PERLIN

## Kevin VanHook honors BLOODSHOT's legendary co-creator

I arrived at Valiant in March 1992, hired as Production Manager by Jim Shooter and Bob Layton. They knew my background in comics and production from Caliber Press and Innovation. It was a small staff, and I worked closely with everyone, including a guy who was Art Directing, helping young artists, and even drawing a monthly book.

He was Don Perlin.

I had admired Don's work since I was a boy, reading his *Werewolf by Night*, *Ghost Rider*, *Defenders*, and other Marvel comics. He had just completed his run on *SOLAR: Man of the Atom*, and was set for a new Valiant title. After some changes, it was decided that the new title would be BLOODSHOT, and I'd write it.

At that time, Don had been in the industry longer than I'd been alive. He worked with legends like Will Eisner, drew popular books like *Transformers*, and was a respected member of the National Cartoonists Society. And now Bob Layton had teamed him up with a 26-year-old from Indiana to create an all-new character for the company.

Don had the patience of Job. I was juggling multiple tasks, including books Jim Shooter had been writing and overseeing the advance printing of this new process called "chromium" that we were using for the cover of the first issue. I wrote when I could. But Don never complained. Much. :)

Since I was feeding him a page at a time, he often caught up with me at the end of the day. One afternoon, he said, "If you don't hurry up, I'm gonna have this book penciled before you write it!" He had a twinkle in his eye, but he meant it. He saw my slight hesitation and said, "The last thing you had was Bloodshot getting to the pier." Right. Now I knew where I was. I managed to get him the rest of the pages shortly after that.

After the first issue or two, we had full scripts ready before he started drawing. We had to get covers and plot descriptions to distributors months in advance. Don used to say, "Let's make some money before they figure out we don't know what we're doing." I might have been improvising, but he knew what he was doing. He was a journeyman storyteller.

We created a big guy with nanites in his blood and no memories of his past, making the book edgy and violent. In the first issue, there's a two-page spread with Bloodshot blowing a guy's brains out. Don asked if he'd gone too far. I told him Bob said to push the boundaries, so he added more gore.

Don researched locations, vehicles, and weapons for the series. We set things in Vietnam, New York, and London. We had jets, helicopters, and all manner of guns. He ensured accuracy and even had a fan from the military bring a replica Desert Eagle as a gift. He modeled the Mafia Don in the story after himself.

The book was an immediate success. After nearly 40 years in the business, Don became a bona fide star. I watched fans clamor for his autograph from New York to San Diego. Still, he drew his page a day like clockwork.

We traveled together for signings and promotions, and he shared stories about his career and life, which I always enjoyed. He encouraged me to draw more, and when I took on BLOODSHOT #0, he supported me.

We stayed in touch over the years and discussed everything, including the Bloodshot movie Sony was making. He always responded when I reached out.

Until a few months ago.

I was concerned, and then it was confirmed. My friend Don Perlin had passed away.

I miss spending time with him in person or on the phone. I can still hear his voice, and that's a good thing.

This project is the first Bloodshot story I've written and drawn in over 30 years. I dedicate it to the memory of my friend and Bloodshot co-creator, Don Perlin.

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# BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT
# I'M SO TIRED

LUCIANO SARACINO
ARIEL OLIVETTI

I'M A BIT TIRED, BOSS.

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, **BLOODSHOT**. YOU CAN'T BE TIRED. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT WITH ANY SYMPTOM OF...

NOT ***THAT*** KIND OF TIRED. I MEAN...

I'M TIRED OF THIS WHOLE BUSINESS OF FOLLOWING THE TRAIL TO THE ***BIG FISH*** STARTING WITH THE ***SMALL FRY***.

I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I MEAN...FOLLOWING THE DRUG TRAIL STARTING WITH THE JUNKIE, THEN THE CORNER DEALER WHO SELLS TO THE JUNKIE, FROM THERE TO THE DISTRIBUTOR WHO SELLS TO THE CORNER DEALER, REACHING THE IMPORTER WHO SELLS TO THE DISTRIBUTOR AND, FINALLY, ELIMINATING THE PRODUCER. AREN'T THERE ***A LOT*** OF STEPS?

WELL...NOPE. THAT'S HOW WE DO IT.

AND ALL FOR ***WHAT?***

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M SURE YOU'RE **DYING** TO TELL ME.

SO THAT WE ARE THE ONES WHO HAVE THE EXCLUSIVITY OF THAT BUSINESS. US AND ***OUR FRIENDS***, OF COURSE.

THAT'S A PRETTY **SERIOUS** ACCUSATION, BLOODSHOT.

# I'M SO TIRED

writer **LUCIANO SARACINO** artist **ARIEL OLIVETTI**

letters **MARTIN CASANOVA** editor **MATIAS TIMARCHI**

BESIDES, I DON'T THINK I NEED TO TELL YOU THAT WE DIDN'T GET THIS FAR CHASING ANY CARTEL.

I KNOW.

I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS APPROPRIATE TO MENTION THAT...

...I'M *TIRED*, BOSS.

"TIRED OF *NEVER* HAVING ANYONE WAITING FOR ME WHENEVER I ARRIVE SOMEWHERE.

"TIRED OF THE FACES OF SURPRISE, OF PANIC, OF MERCY.

"TIRED OF THE GUN RATTLING IN MY ARMS LIKE A DEMON-POSSESSED *ANIMAL*.

"OF THE SOUND OF SKULLS HITTING THE GROUND.

"OF THE ALWAYS LATE AND POINTLESS RESISTANCE.

"OF THAT SECOND OF SILENCE THAT OCCURS WHEN THEY THINK *IT'S IMPOSSIBLE*.

"BECAUSE *IT IS* IMPOSSIBLE.

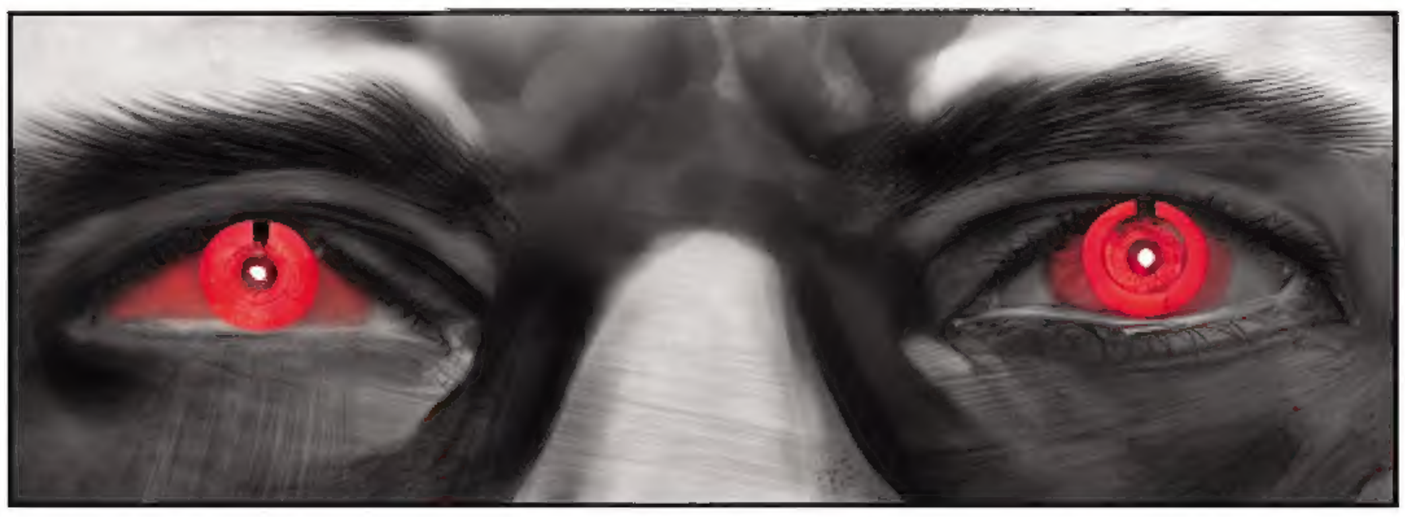
"AND OF THAT, I'M ALSO TIRED. TIRED OF BEING A ***MONSTER***.

"TIRED OF MY ***EXCESSIVE*** SUPERIORITY."

VERY NICE. ARE WE DONE WITH OUR **THERAPY SESSION** FOR TODAY?

I...

I'M **GLAD.** BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO FINISH THE JOB.



SCANNING...

DO YOU HAVE IT?

I HAVE IT.

THEN LET'S GO.

"I'M A BIT TIRED, BOSS."

"THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, **BLOODSHOT**. YOU CAN'T BE TIRED. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT WITH ANY SYMPTOM OF..."

"NOT ***THAT*** KIND OF TIRED. I MEAN..."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, I WAS JOKING. DON'T YOU HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR ANYMORE? WE HAD THIS CONVERSATION JUST **TEN MINUTES AGO!**

"PERHAPS I SHOULD ALSO REMIND YOU THAT WE ARE NOT AFTER A DRUG LORD BUT AN **ATOMIC BOMB?**"

"IT'S JUST THAT I FEEL THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE, BOSS. WE'RE MAKING SURE WE HAVE EXCLUSIVITY IN THIS BUSINESS TOO."

"YOU'RE **FORGETTING** SOMETHING, COWBOY.

"WE ARE THE **GOOD GUYS.**"

PROJECT RISING SPIRIT
PRS
LEADERS IN WEAPONS UPGRADES

ARE WE?

**THIS STORY WILL NEVER END.**

BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT

# ENJOY THE MOVIE



MARC GUGGENHEIM

AGUSTIN ALESSIO

# ENJOY THE MOVIE

ONE TICKET FOR *KILLSHOT 4*. THEATRE 3, TAKE THE UPSTAIRS ESCALATOR.

WRITER MARC GUGGENHEIM ARTIST AGUSTIN ALESSIO

LETTERS MARTIN CASANOVA EDITOR MATIAS TIMARCHI

NICE COSPLAY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.

MY EYES AND SKIN LOOK LIKE THIS ON ACCOUNT OF THE ***BILLION NANITES*** THAT WERE SHOT INTO MY BLOODSTREAM TO ***RESURRECT*** ME AFTER I ***DIED***.

KIDDING. IT'S COSPLAY.

=SNICKER=

WHATEVER THAT IS.

AND YOU WONDER WHY I TRY TO **AVOID** GOING OUT IN **PUBLIC.**

OR MAYBE YOU **DON'T.**

BUT IT'S WORTH THE **STARES** TO SEE KILLSHOT ON THE BIG SCREEN. I FRIGGIN' **LOVE** THIS FRANCHISE.

SOME PEOPLE SAY IT'S **UNREALISTIC.**

I SAY YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT 'REALISTIC' IS 'TIL YOU'VE **REGENERATED** FROM A COUPLE'A BRAIN CELLS AND A FEW DROPS OF BLOOD.

BRAKABRAKABRAKAB

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRA

AAAAAAAAA!!!

HE'S GOT A GUN!!!!!

OH.

I KNOW THIS TOOLBAG.

ALEX SKLAR. D-LIST MERC.

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

INTERRUPTING MY MOVIE.

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAK

RAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

GUESS IT SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT THE FRANCHISE THAT EVEN WITH ALL THIS ^€#$ GOING ON, I CAN STILL FOLLOW THE PLOT.

USING THE TERM 'PLOT' LOOSELY OF COURSE.

RAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRA

SIGH.

RAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKAB

TIME TO MAKE THE DONUTS, I GUESS.

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

HOT DAMN, DOES THAT **HURT.**

RAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK

I ALMOST THINK TO ASK HIM IF HE'S SHOOTING UP A MOVIE THEATRE FOR PAY, PUBLICITY, OR 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD TOLD HIM TO DO.

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

AT THE END OF THE DAY, THOUGH, I DON'T REALLY MUCH CARE.

THUD

THUD

KILL YOU, YOU $#@%ING $#%@ER!!!

GNGH--!

GRR--

CLONK

WHAT WAS THAT?

HNG-- HGGH--

NO, YOU SAID "KRAK."

NO-- DIDN'T--

ARE YOU SURE?

KRAK

CAN WE GET THE MOVIE GOING AGAIN, PLEASE?

ANYONE?

HELLO?

DAMN.

"ONE TICKET FOR KILLSHOT 4. THAT'S IN THEATRE 1, DOWN ON YOUR LEFT..."

SORRY, I UH...

I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARE.

THEATERS

MY EYES AND SKIN LOOK LIKE THIS ON ACCOUNT OF THE ***BILLION NANITES*** THAT WERE SHOT INTO MY BLOODSTREAM TO ***RESURRECT*** ME AFTER I ***DIED***.

UH... OKAY.

ENJOY THE MOVIE.

KILLSHOT

OH, I INTEND TO.

*OKAY.*

*LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN...*

THEATERS

END.

# BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT

# MICKY

MATTS
GUILLERMO FAJARDO

IT'S BEEN A FEW WEEKS SINCE THIS STARTED. A CRESCENDO OF NOISE.

THE NANITES.

THEY ARE DRIVING ME HERE.

THIS TOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

SOMETHING IS DRIVING THEM CRAZY.

AND THUS, DRIVING ME CRAZY.

WELCOME TO WILLIETOWN

# MICKY

WRITER MATTS

ARTIST GUILLERMO FAJARDO

LETTERS MARTIN CASANOVA

EDITOR MATIAS TIMARCHI

ALL TOO SILENT.

CAN'T BE GOOD.

IT'S A MASSACRE.

I CAN COUNT AT LEAST 22 BODIES IN THIS AREA.

.50 CALIBER.

PROBABLY AN M2.

BUT THE RANGE IS **OFF**. LOOKS LIKE A VERY SHORT PERSON WAS FIRING IT.

OR A KID...

BOD

YOU CAN COME OUT.

I'M THE **GOOD** GUY.

WHERE?

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

BROOOOOOOOOMMMM!

RATAT ATATAT ATATAT

DEFINITELY AN M2.

MY NANITES ARE GOING CRAZY. I'VE FELT THIS ONLY A FEW TIMES...

I FEEL MY BLOOD BOILING...

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT I MISS BLOODSQUIRT TALKING TO ME RIGHT NOW.

OH, SHIT.

RATAT ATATAT

THESE KIDS ARE IN SHOCK. I NEED TO CALM THEM DOWN.

INSTILL CONFIDENCE IN THEM.

IN... IN THE... LIBRARY...

RATAT ATATAT ATATAT

W-WHAT THE HELL...

STOP!

HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT THE FUCK???

AAAARRRRGGGHHH!!!

RATAT ATATAT ATATAT

PEEKABOO!

HELLO, TOMMY BRACCO AND JODY QUIROGA...

REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO ME?

THE BEATING AND THE WEDGIE AT JERRY'S BIRTHDAY?

NOW YOU'LL PAY--

BLAM BLAM BLAM

RUN! GET OUT OF HERE!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT LITTLE MONSTER THAT DISTURBS MY NANITES...

THEY'RE TRYING TO... CONTROL IT?

COULD IT BE--

RATAT ATATAT

DAMN IT!

AH, YOU'RE ONE OF US.

I'M NOT LIKE YOU!

AH, BUT YOU ARE.

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

I CAN READ YOUR NANITES.

YOU USED TO KILL KIDS TOO, "BROTHER"...

RATAT ATATAT ATATAT

HAHAHA!

RATATAT

WHY DO YOU KEEP ATTACKING ME?

WE'RE BROTHERS... CAN'T YOU SEE?

OH, BOY!

BOOO

NOT FAR AWAY...

COME IN.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

I SEE YOU *FOUND* THE PLACE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE.

I FEEL *MY* NANITES INSIDE YOU...

WHAT ARE YOU?

I'M WHAT THEY MADE ME...

YEARS OF CONSTANT ABUSE AND BULLYING...

FROM ALL OF THOSE DAMNED KIDS AT SCHOOL... THEY LEFT ME LIKE THIS AFTER A BEATING, YOU KNOW?

A PRANK WENT WRONG, THEY SAID...

AND THEM... MY PARENTS...

LOVELY PEOPLE, Y'KNOW?

PRS

THEY SOLD YOU TO P.R.S.

YOU ARE A *PSIOT*.

YOU CAN *CONTROL* THE NANITES WITH YOUR *MIND*.

THEY OPENED MY BRAIN LIKE AN EGGSHELL.

ACTIVATED ME...

WHAT?

WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M NOT DOING THIS.

STOP IT.

I'M TIRED OF SUFFERING.

I CAN STILL CONTROL MY NANITES INSIDE YOUR BODY.

I KNOW YOURS WILL TAKE OVER THEM SOON.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

I NEED YOU TO PUT AN END TO MY SUFFERING, PSIOT KILLER.

NO.

I WON'T DO IT.

BUT YOU WILL.

I NEED THIS.

JUST DON'T ERASE MY MEMORIES FROM THE NANITES YOU GOT FROM ME.

AT LEAST YOU WILL REMEMBER MY EXISTENCE.

MY NAME IS MICHAEL. I USED TO BE HAPPY. I'M NOT ANYMORE.

BLAM

NOOO!!

THE END.

# BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT
# SYSTEM DYNAMICS



TIM SEELEY
RODRIGO ROCHA

System.

System: Restarting.

HNH.

UP. I'M UP.

I'M IN A LAB. AGAIN.

# SYSTEM DYNAMICS

writer: TIM SEELEY
artist: RODRIGO ROCHA
letters: MARTIN CASANOVA
editor: MATIAS TIMARCHI

AND I'M TIED DOWN. AGAIN.

STARTED MY LIFE THIS WAY. PROBABLY END IT THAT WAY TOO.

BLOODSHOT.

MAYBE THIS IS THE ONE TO DO IT.

SOME SPIDER ALIEN BUTCHER OR H.A.R.D. CORPS POWER THIEF.

BLOODSHOT I—

COFF COFF COFF COFF

HNH. COFF.

SORRY. SORRY. I'VE GOT THAT...LONG COVID...PFH.

MM-

HNH HNH

PUNK

NOT AN ALIEN OR A CYBORG. SHE'S A KID. JUST A KID.

SORRY ABOUT INTERRUPTING YOUR MISSION. COFF.

MY MISSION.

I'D COME TO CHICAGO ON THE HUNT FOR A HUMAN TRAFFICKING RING OUT OF LAS VEGAS.

FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO A SCUMBAG PEOPLE CALLED "NOAH..." AS IN "NOAH'S ARK..."

AS IN A COLLECTOR OF LIVING THINGS.

WAS GONNA SINK THE SONOVABITCH WHEN...

System sszk failure.

System...

AHHH!

GHK.

MINIATURIZED EMF EMITTERS. SIZE OF A SODA CAN, STRENGTH OF A SUNSPOT. YOU COME UP WITH THAT?

YEAH. IT'S WHAT I DO...

SHE TALKS LIKE A JUNIOR HIGH KID GIVING THEIR FIRST AWKWARD PRESENTATION TO CLASS.

HER NAME'S MORGAN. SHE'S A GRAD STUDENT AT U OF I.

BIOENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCES.

PLAYS ON THE VOLLEYBALL TEAM. HAS A CAT NAMED "KEVIN."

MORGAN...

WHY AM I HERE?

IT WAS THE PANDEMIC THAT DID IT. THE SUPPLY CHAIN DISRUPTIONS. CERTAIN FOODS DISAPPEARED. SOME GOT IMPOSSIBLY EXPENSIVE. AND THAT WAS FROM *A VIRUS*.

*CLIMATE CHANGE*, BLOODSHOT. THE WORLD IS GETTING WARMER, FAST. THE DISRUPTION OF CROP GROWTH, LIVESTOCK MAINTENANCE AND COASTAL SHIPPING...IT'S GOING TO BE TREMENDOUS.

CATASTROPHIC.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU THE LAST FEW YEARS WHEN YOU SHOW UP ON THE NEWS. THAT THING IN NEW YORK. THE FIGHT WITH *MAN-O-WAR*.

YOU'VE GOT THESE *NANITES*.

IT'S NOT JUST THAT THEY WORK SO EFFICIENTLY AND SO WELL COORDINATED AFTER YOU GET SHOT OR BLOWN UP.

IT'S WHAT THEY'RE ABLE TO DO WITH SUCH RELATIVELY LITTLE PROTEIN.

YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS A *SELF-HEALER*.

BUT WHAT YOU REALLY ARE IS A MASSIVE *MEAT PRODUCER*.

AND I CAN USE THAT, BLOODSHOT...

I CAN USE YOU TO FEED *THE FUTURE.*

YOU'RE INSANE!! BAT-SHIT FUCKING NUTS! I'M NOT YOUR GODDAMN PINK-SLIME MACHINE!

OH GOD.

I'M A WEAPON! I'M AN IMMORTAL KILL-ENGINE, AND I'LL--I'LL...

...

*I THINK ABOUT MY "MISSIONS." HOW I TAKE OUT A COUPLE OF SCUMBAGS HERE AND THERE. "NOAH" TODAY, SOME OTHER CROOK TOMORROW.*

*MAYBE I GET IN ANOTHER FIGHT WITH ARIC OR H.A.R.D. CORPS.*

*MAYBE I DO A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD WITH THIS IMMORTAL KILL ENGINE BODY.*

*BUT WHAT I DON'T DO?*

*SAVE THE WORLD.*

SHIT. YOU'RE RIGHT.

LOOK, MORGAN. I'M WITH YOU. THIS IS GOOD. BETTER THAN I CAN DO.

BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE SMART ABOUT THIS, OKAY? LISTEN TO ME...MY HEAD IS IN THIS, BUT MY BODY ISN'T ALL MINE.

IT HAS DEFENSES FOR THIS KIND OF THING. ***AUTOMATIC*** DEFENSES. BUT THEY CAN BE FOOLED. YOU JUST HAVE TO WORK SLOW. LULL MY ONBOARD COMPUTER INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY.

DAYS. WEEKS IF YOU CAN. DRAW IT OUT. MAKE IT SEEM ROUTINE.

IT'LL SUCK. BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT. FOR THE WORLD.

*BUT SHE'S NOT LISTENING.*

*AND I REALIZE THE WAY SHE'S WORKING RIGHT NOW...THE WAY SHE WON'T LOOK ME IN MY RED EYES...SHE'S DESPERATE.*

*THERE ARE OTHERS WORKING ON PROJECTS. OTHERS SEEKING FUNDING. SIMILAR IDEAS. MAYBE WITH MORE PREDICTABLE MATERIALS.*

MORGAN--?

MORGAN WANTS TO SAVE THE WORLD. SHE WANTS TO FEED STARVING CHILDREN ON A PLANET WHICH IS GOING TO BE RAVAGED BY FLOODS AND PLAGUES.

KID, I'M WARNING YOU!

AAAIIIGHHK!!

BUT SHE KNOWS SHE STILL LIVES IN THE SYSTEM.

AND IN THIS SYSTEM A GOOD IDEA WITHOUT MONEY, IS JUST AN IDEA.

System under attack.

Initiating unlimited defense.

I...I THINK I DID IT, BLOODSHOT.

I THINK...

System...

Extreme sanction.

GHK.

SLAK

SHE COULD HAVE SAVED THE WORLD.

WE COULD HAVE.

Target neutralized.

BUT THE SYSTEM...MINE OR HERS, ALWAYS HAS TO CONTEND WITH A MORE POWERFUL FORCE.

SELF-INTEREST.

AND THERE'S NO SAVING ANY OF US FROM THAT.

The End.

# BEHIND I'M SO TIRED

## LUCIANO SARACINO's script and ARIEL OLIVETTI's unlettered art

**PAGE 1:**

**Panel 1:**
Bloodshot drives a jeep through the desert.

Bloodshot: **I'm a bit tired, boss.**

Text box: **"That's impossible, Bloodshot. You can't be tired. You know perfectly well that with any symptom of..."**

Bloodshot: **Not that kind of tired. I mean...**

**Panel 2:**
The jeep, from the outside, in the desert.

Text box: **"I'm tired of this whole business of following the trail to the big fish starting with the small fry."**

**Panel 3:**
Bloodshot is driving.

Text box: **"I'm afraid I don't understand."**

Bloodshot: **I mean... Following the drug trail starting with the junkie, then the corner dealer who sells to the junkie, from there to the distributor who sells to the corner dealer, reaching the importer who sells to the distributor and, finally, eliminating the producer. Aren't there a lot of steps?**

Text box: **"Well... Nope. That's how we do it."**

**Panel 4:**

A military emblem hanging from the rearview mirror.

Bloodshot: **And all for what?**

Text: **"I don't know, but I'm sure you're dying to tell me."**

Bloodshot: **So that we are the ones who have the exclusivity of that business. Us and our friends, of course.**

Text at the bottom: **"That's a pretty serious accusation, Bloodshot."**

**PAGE 2:**

**Panel 1:**
Bloodshot gets out of the jeep. He has arrived.

Text box: **"Besides, I don't think I need to tell you that we didn't get this far chasing any cartel."**

Bloodshot: **I know.**
Bloodshot: **I just thought it was appropriate to mention that...**

**Panel 2:**
Bloodshot, holding a huge weapon in his hands, stands in front of a warehouse door in the middle of the desert.

Bloodshot: **...I'm tired, boss.**

**PAGE 3:**

**Panel 1:**
Bloodshot's foot kicking the door.

Text box: **"Tired of never having anyone waiting for me whenever I arrive somewhere."**

**Panel 2:**
Inside the warehouse, a bunch of Taliban are packing wooden crates filled with weapons. They turn around, surprised, looking at Bloodshot with a weapon in hand.

Text box: **"Tired of the faces of surprise, of panic, of mercy."**

**Panel 3:**
Bloodshot fires his machine gun.

Text box: **"Tired of the gun rattling in my arms like a demon-possessed animal."**

**Panel 4:**
Some Taliban fall, dead, from a beam.

Text box at the bottom: **"Of the sound of skulls hitting the ground."**

**PAGE 4:**

**Panel 1:**
Some Taliban fire at Bloodshot.

Text box: **"Of the always late and vain resistance."**

**Panel 2:**
Bloodshot, riddled with bullet holes from the Taliban's shots, while they stare at him in astonishment.

Text box: **"Of that second of silence that occurs when they think 'it's impossible.'"**

**Panel 3:**
The nanites at work inside Bloodshot.

Text box: **"Because it is impossible."**

Text box at the bottom: **"And I'm tired of that too. Tired of being a monster."**

Panel 4:
Bloodshot finishes them off with the machine gun.

Text box: **"Tired of my excessive superiority."**

**PAGE 5:**

**Panel 1:**
Bloodshot looks around the inside of the warehouse. All the Taliban are dead.

Text box: **"Very nice. Are we done with our therapy session for today?"**

Bloodshot: **I...**

Text box at the bottom: **"I'm glad. Because it's time to finish the job."**

**Panel 2:**
Bloodshot's eyes light up red.

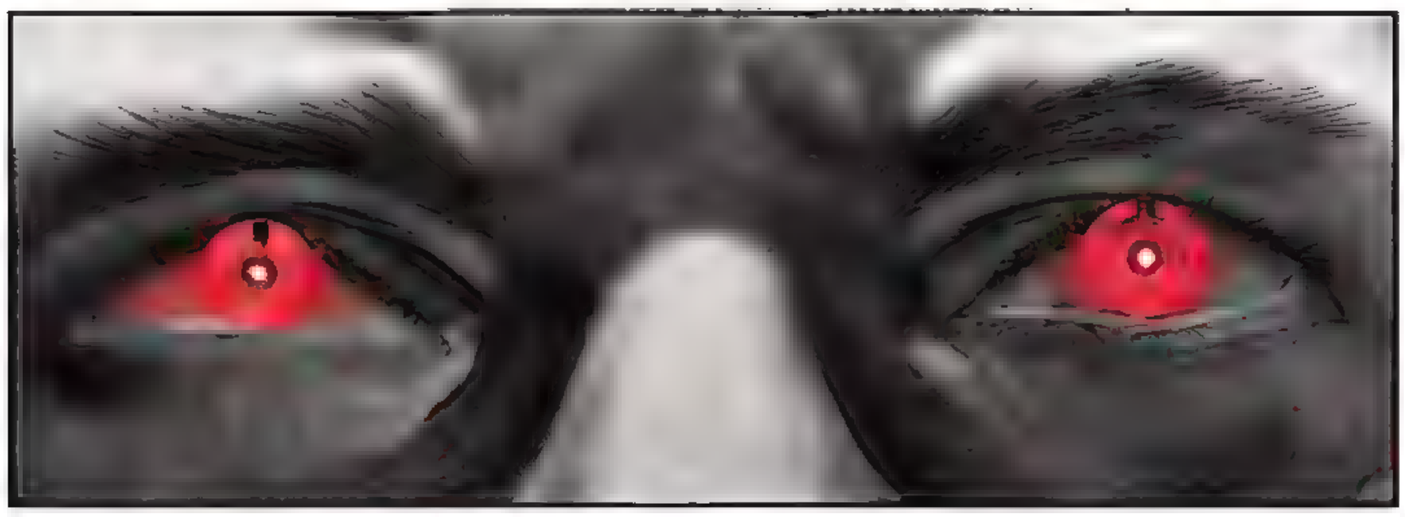
Bloodshot: **Scanning.**

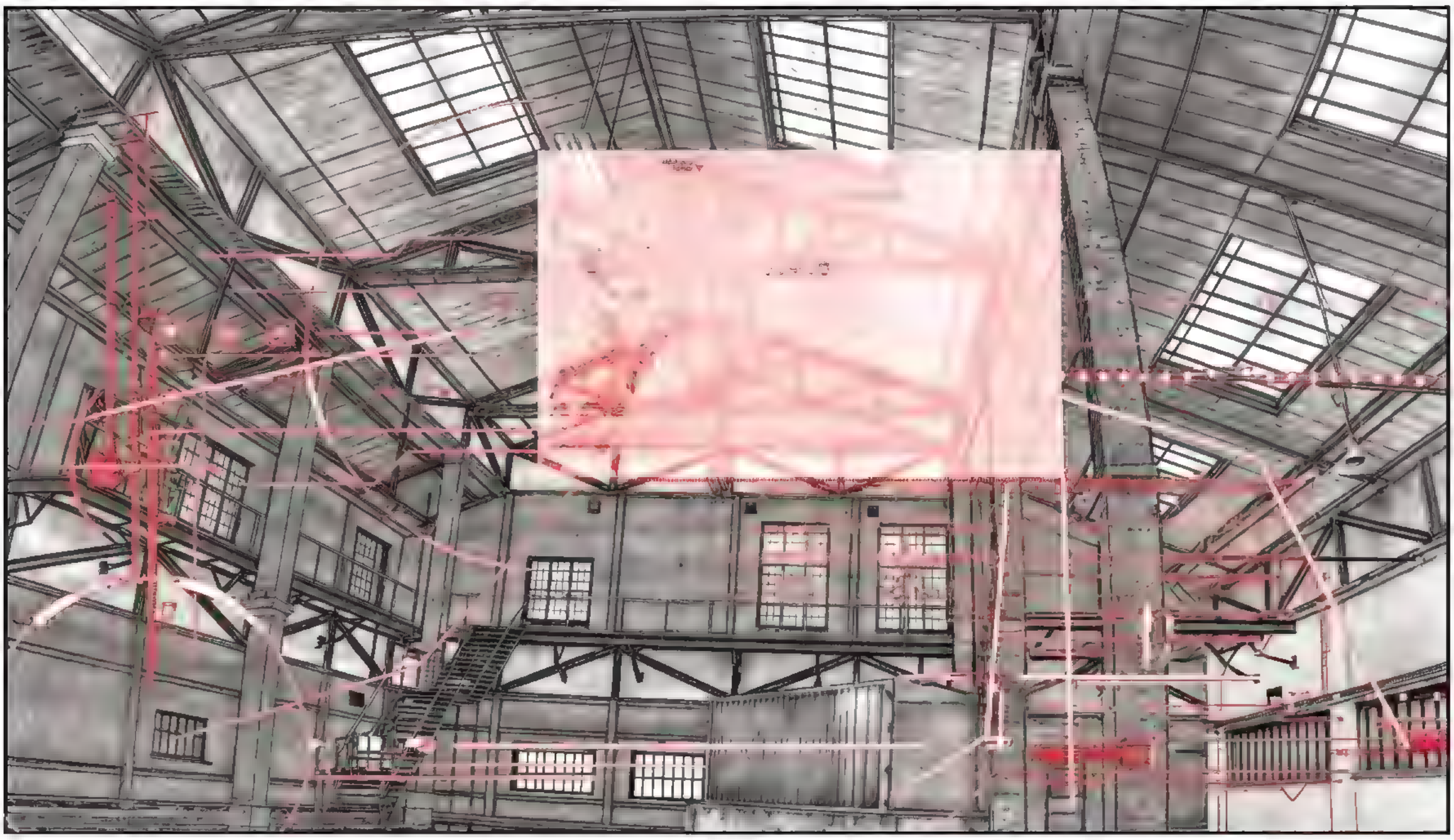
**Panel 3:**
In different sections of the warehouse, computer-like marks appear, emitting rays that, when combined, show a location on the map.

Text box: **"Do you have it?"**

Bloodshot: **I have it.**

Text box at the bottom: **"Then let's go."**





**PAGE 6:**

**Panel 1:**
Bloodshot drives a jeep through the desert.

Bloodshot: **I'm a bit tired, boss.**

Text: **"That's impossible, Bloodshot. You can't be tired. You know perfectly well that with any symptom of..."**

Bloodshot: **Not that kind of tired. I mean...**

**Panel 2:**
The jeep, from the outside, in the desert.

Text box: **"I know what you mean, I was just joking. Have you lost your sense of humor? We had this conversation barely ten minutes ago!"**

**Panel 3:**
Bloodshot is driving.

Text box: **"Should I also remind you that we're not after a drug lord, but an atomic bomb?"**

Bloodshot: **It feels the same to me, boss. We're making sure that we also have exclusivity in this business.**

Text: **"You're forgetting something, cowboy."**

**Panel 4:**
A military emblem hangs from the rearview mirror.

Text box: **"We are the good guys."**

Bloodshot: **Are we?**

Text at the bottom: **This story will never end.**

PROJECT RISING EXPERT
EXPERTS IN WEAPONS UPGRADES
PRS

# BEHIND ENJOY THE MOVIE

## MARC GUGGENHEIM's script and AGUSTIN ALESSIO's unlettered art

**BLOODSHOT**
**SCRIPT FOR 8-PAGE STORY**
**5.15.24**
**Guggenheim**

Dear Whoever Is Drawing This Craziness:

It's good to be working with you (whoever you are)!

My practice is to describe what's in my head. Sometimes, that includes panel configurations or "camera shots," but in every instance, they are just a suggestion. If you have a better way of telling the story, go for it. I'd much rather have the best version of what's in your head than a "just okay" version of what's in mine.

Along the way, if you have any questions or problems or want to talk anything out, I'm completely reachable by phone or email.

Best,
Marc

**PAGE ONE (5 PANELS)**

*PANEL 1*

Okay...
Let's start off with a nice, page-wide panel. We're in the lobby of a MOVIE THEATRE. Think one of those chains like AMC or Regal. A multiplex that shows a lot of big releases.

RAY GARRISON (but we'll call him BLOODSHOT) is holding up a phone for a THEATRE CLERK (a guy in his late teens, early 20s) to scan.

Bloodshot, we should note, is <u>not</u> in costume (not that he really has a costume...). He's wearing a ballcap (Easter egg opportunity here if you or Valiant are so inclined), a t-shirt, jeans, and a leather jacket.

THEATRE CLERK
One ticket for *Killshot 4*. Theatre 3, take the upstairs escalator.
(cont'd)
Nice cosplay.

*PANEL 2*

CLOSE ON Bloodshot. Totally serious.

BLOODSHOT
I don't know what that is.
(cont'd)
My eyes and skin look like this on account of the **billion nanites** that were shot into my bloodstream to **resurrect** me after I **died**.

*PANEL 3*

CLOSE ON the poor Theatre Clerk. What did that guy just say?

NO COPY.

*PANEL 4*

IDENTICAL TO Panel 1.

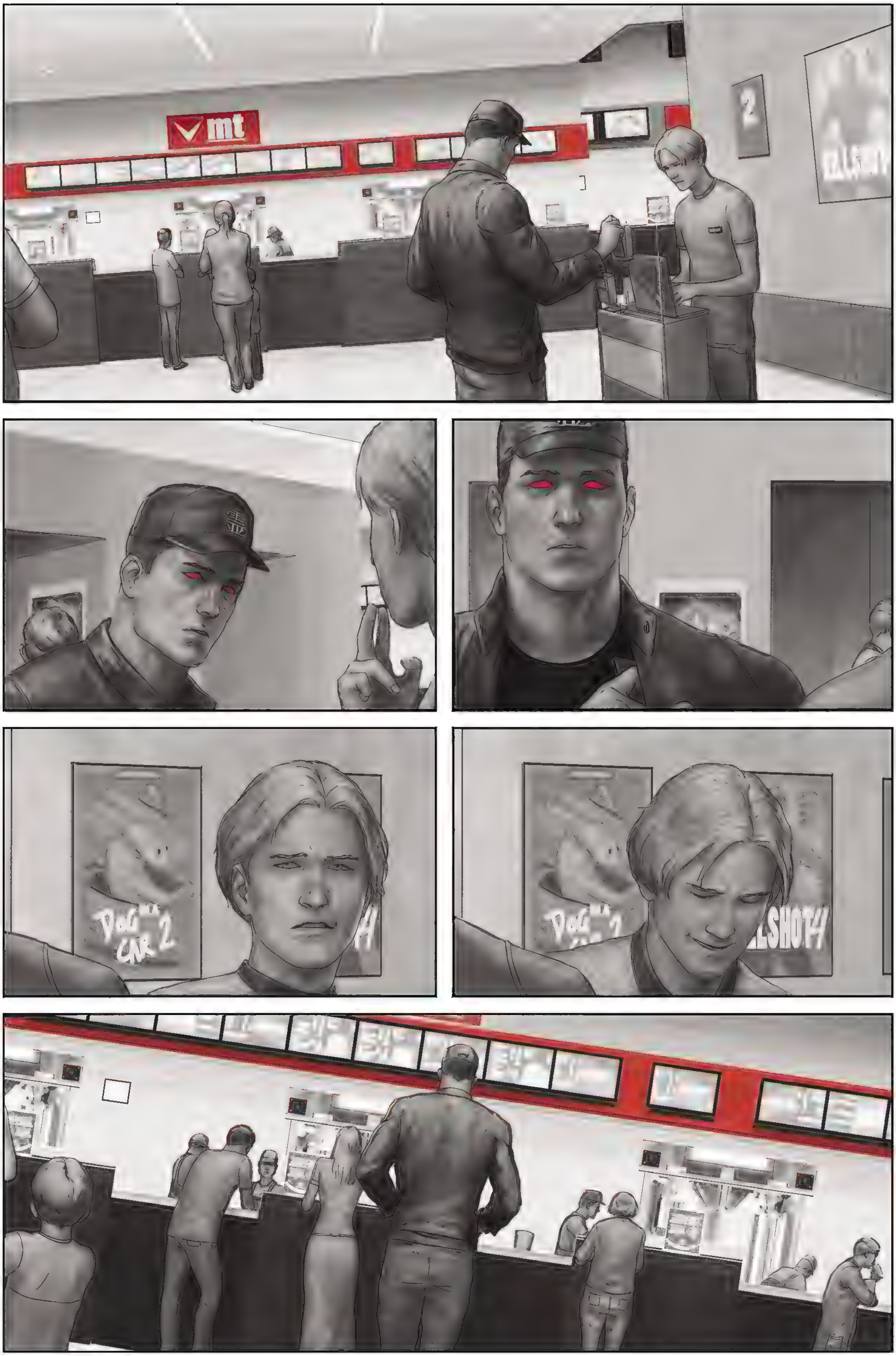
BLOODSHOT
Kidding. It's cosplay.

*PANEL 5*

A wide shot. The "camera" is behind Bloodshot -- maybe a low angle here? -- as he walks past the Clerk and into the theatre and towards the CONCESSION STAND.

NARRATION CAPTION
Whatever that is.

**END OF PAGE ONE**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**PAGE TWO (5 PANELS)**

*PANEL 1*

Seconds later. Bloodshot is being handed a big bucket of POPCORN by one of the kids working the concession stand.

NARRATION CAPTION
And you wonder why I try
to **avoid** going out in **public**.

*PANEL 2*

Seconds later. We're now in one of the THEATRES. Bloodshot, popcorn bucket in hand, is walking down the aisle towards his seat.

NARRATION CAPTION
Or maybe you **don't**.

*PANEL 3*

A few minutes later. The movie has started and Bloodshot is bathed in the glow of the screen as he eats his popcorn.

NARRATION CAPTION
But it's worth the **stares** to
see *Killshot* on the big screen.
I friggin' **love** this franchise.

*PANEL 4*

Reverse angle so that our "camera" is behind Bloodshot's head as he looks up at the movie screen.

The movie itself is an ultra-violent action film. The protagonist is "Killshot" -- who should very intentionally come off like a rip-off of Bloodshot. (But our hero isn't in on the joke.)

On the screen, Killshot is violently killing a bad guy.

I'd LOVE to give the movie its own distinct look. My first instinct is to render just what's on the screen in COLOR in order to distinguish it from the rest of the book (which is in black, white, and red). Thoughts?

(This should probably be the biggest panel on the page.)

NARRATION CAPTION
Some people say it's **unrealistic**.
(cont'd)
I say you don't know what 'realistic'
is 'til you've **regenerated** from a couple'a
brain cells and a few drops of blood.

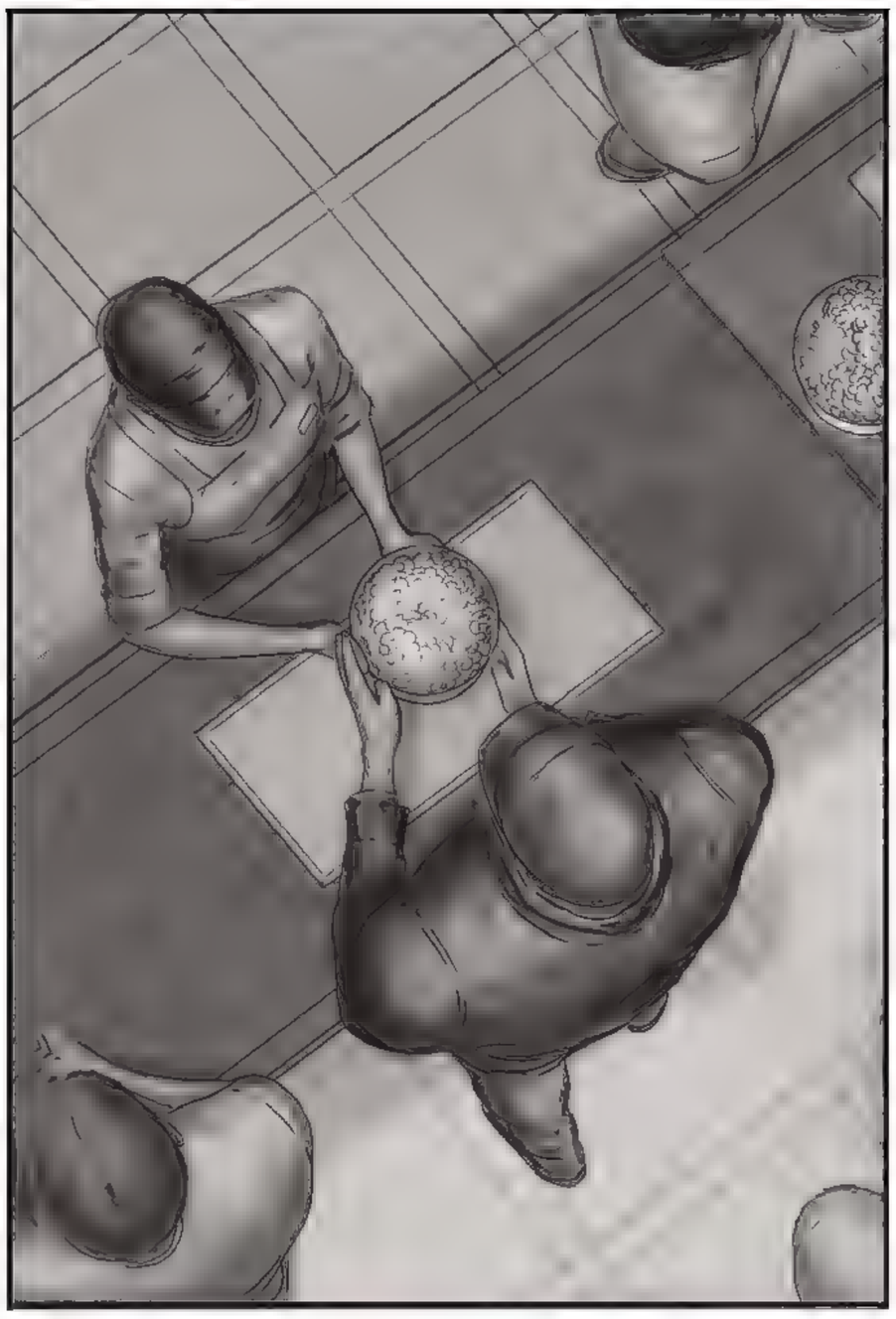
*PANEL 5*

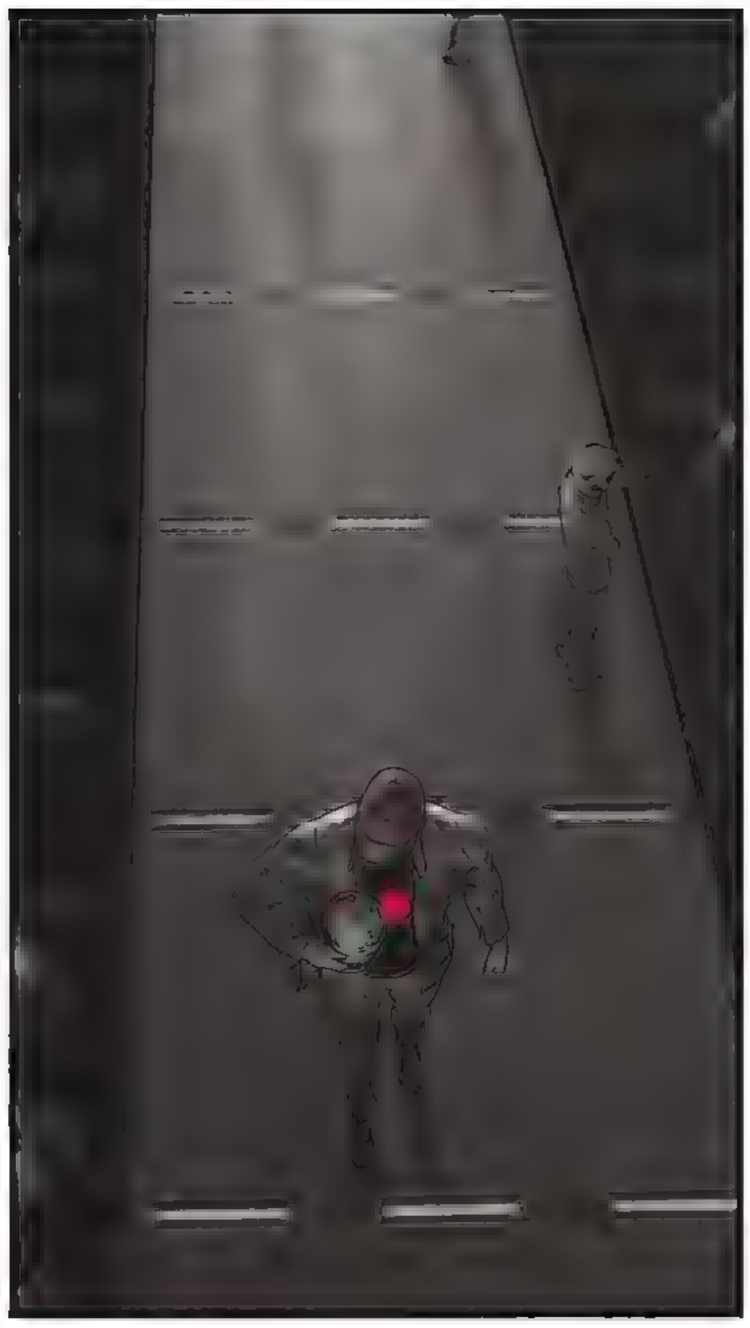
Back on Bloodshot. Eating his popcorn. Enjoying the movie. Generally having a fantastic time.

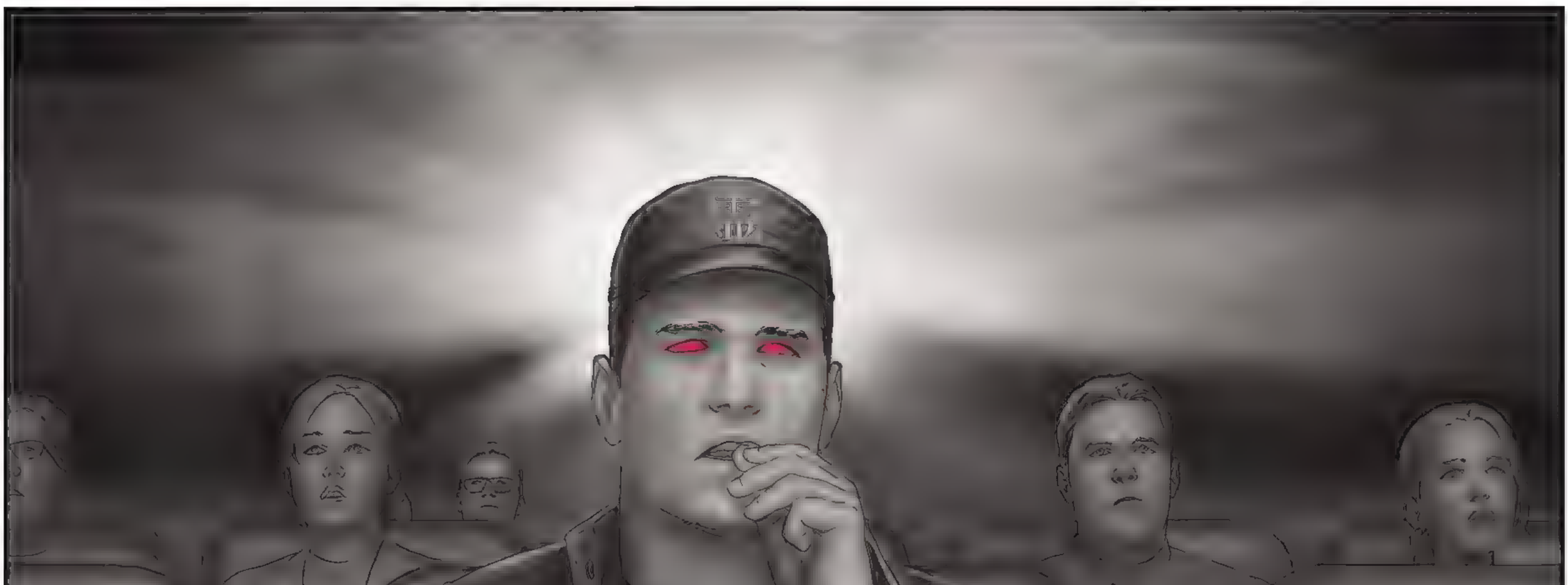
SFX
*BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA*

NARRATION CAPTION
Damn. They really **upgraded** the sound
system. Those shots sound like they're
coming from **inside** the theatre.

**END OF PAGE TWO**







**PAGE THREE (5 PANELS)**

*PANEL 1*

Angle so that we're now in PROFILE with Bloodshot. Behind him, a twentysomething WOMAN is running past him down the aisle (in the direction of the screen) screaming her head off.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
*Aaaaaaaaa!!! He's got a gun!!!!*

*PANEL 2*
Bloodshot is now half-standing up, twisting around behind him (i.e., in the direction the woman was running from) to see, standing on the steps in the middle of the aisle:

ALEX SKLAR. A bad ass asshole who's bad. He wears a long trench-coat and a sadistic expression on his face as he sprays the theatre with his AR-15.

The folks in the audience are screaming and panicking and running for their lives.

NARRATION CAPTION
Oh.

SFX
*BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA*

*PANEL 3*

CLOSE ON Sklar. A gleeful, maniacal grin on his face, which is lit by the flares from the bullets he's firing.

NARRATION CAPTION
I know this toolbag.
(cont'd)
Alex Sklar. D-list merc.

*PANEL 4*

Bloodshot is now -- surprisingly -- turning back around to face the screen.

NARRATION CAPTION
Interrupting my movie.

*PANEL 5*

CLOSE ON Bloodshot. Trying to enjoy the movie despite the bloodbath that's going on.

NARRATION CAPTION
Guess it says something about the franchise that even with all this ^&#$ going on, I can still follow the plot.
(cont'd)
Using the term 'plot' loosely of course.

**END OF PAGE THREE**

**PAGE FOUR (4 PANELS)**

*PANEL 1*

The "camera" is once again behind Bloodshot. A zig-zag line of BULLET HOLES is now perforating the movie screen. (This should be a somewhat specific and distinct pattern because we're going to see it again.)

SFX
*BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA*

NARRATION CAPTION
Sigh.

*PANEL 2*

Bloodshot is now STANDING UP from his seat. He does not look happy.

NARRATION CAPTION
Time to make the donuts, I guess.

*PANEL 3*

Seconds later. The "camera" is behind Bloodshot as he stomps up the stairs towards Sklar, who is FIRING BULLETS directly at him. Some bullets are striking Bloodshot right in the chest while others are just narrowly avoiding him.

SFX
*BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA*

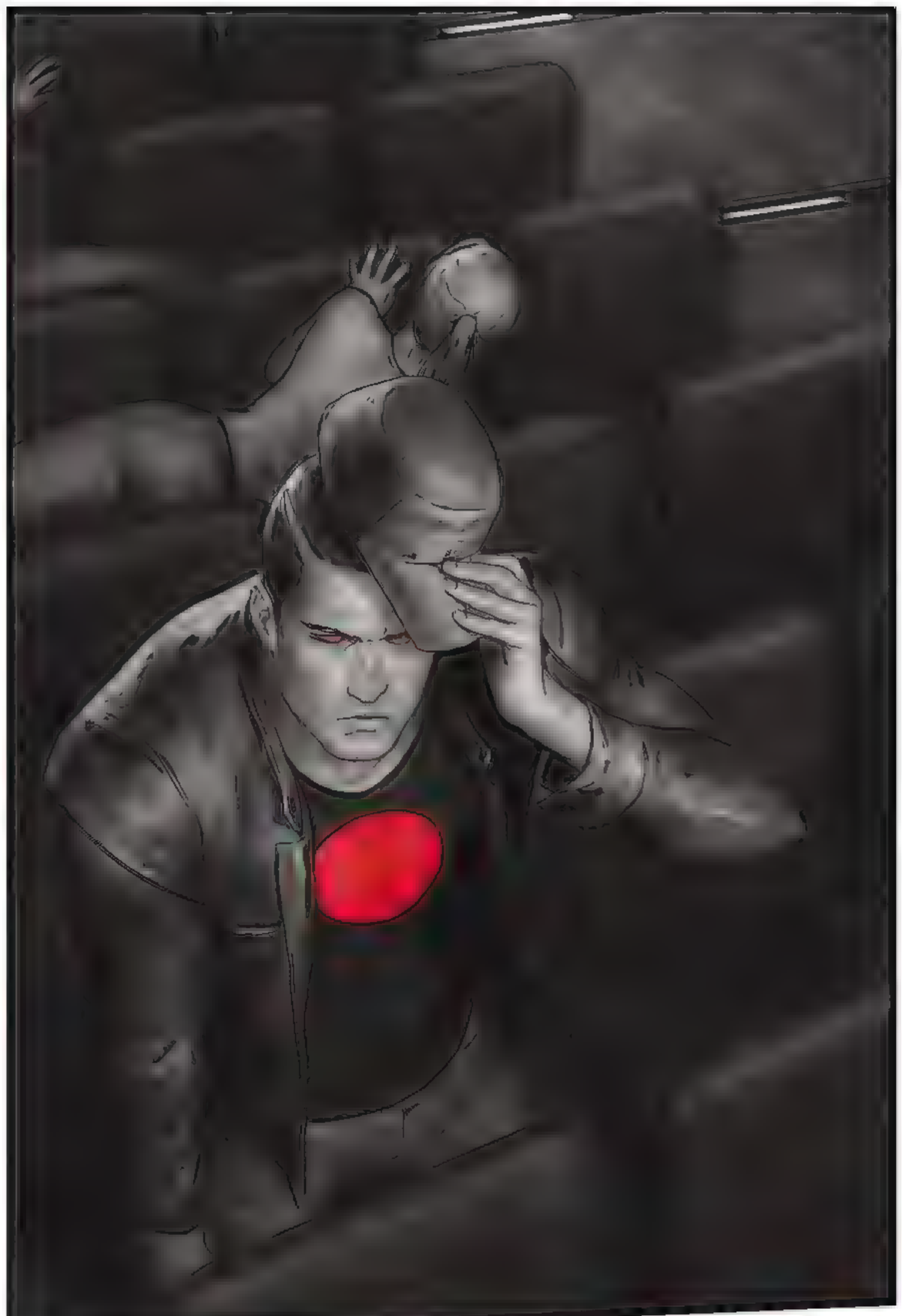
*PANEL 4*

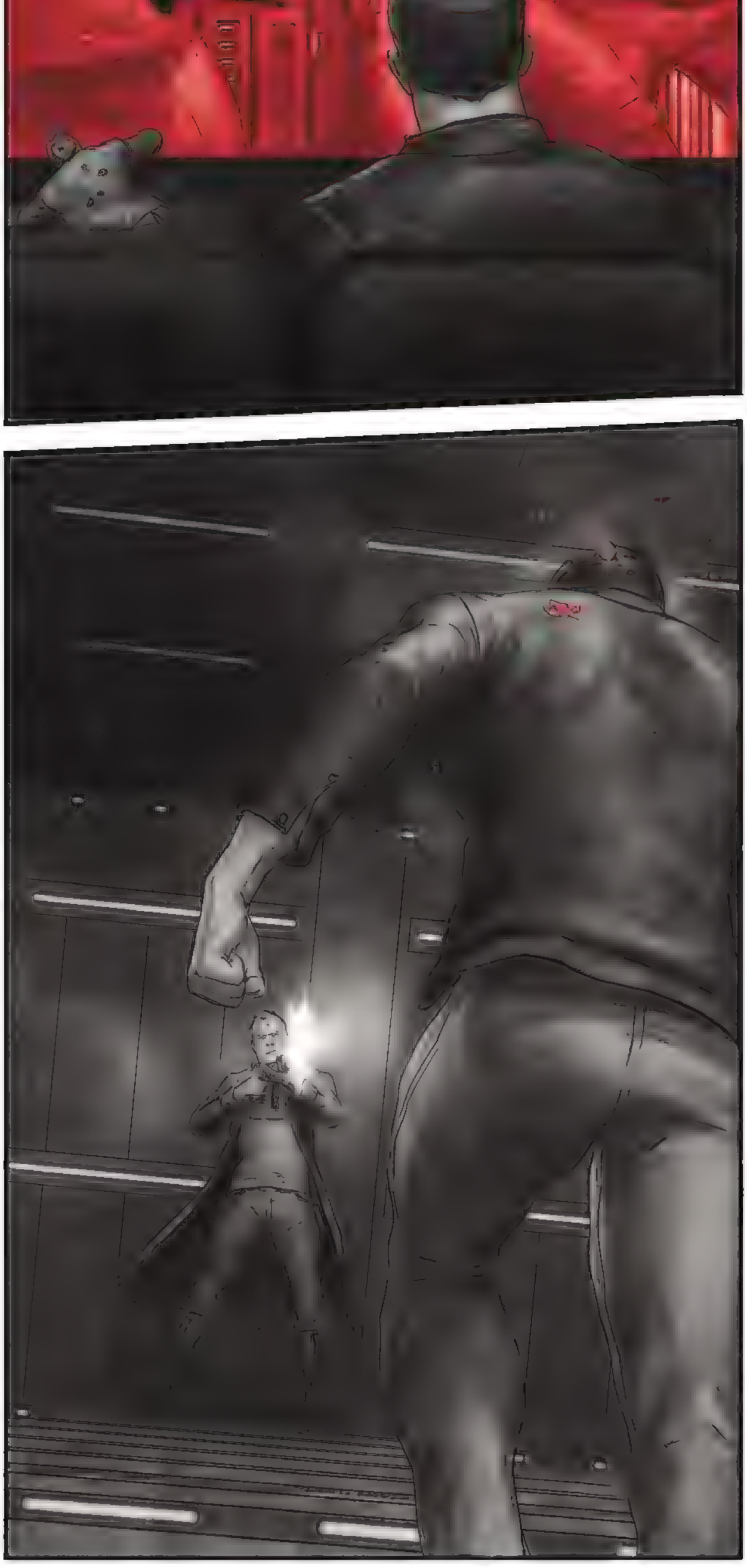
Reverse angle as Bloodshot continues his forward momentum. He now has huge BULLET WOUNDS in his forehead and all throughout his chest. It looks gory and bloody and generally fatal.

But he just looks pissed off.

NARRATION CAPTION
Hot damn, does that **hurt**.

**END OF PAGE FOUR**





**PAGE FIVE (4 PANELS)**

*Okay, I think this should be a lot of fun.*

*This page is four stacked, page-wide panels. Each panel generally looks the same:*

*The "camera" is facing the movie screen. Visible in front of the screen are Bloodshot and Sklar who are fighting per the choreography I'm setting out below.*

*But the really fun part is what we're seeing on the screen: Killshot is fighting a bad guy who looks similar to Sklar -- and the action on the screen is mimicking the action in the theatre.*

*Lemme know if you have any questions or want to talk this out. But I think it will be very cool and (hopefully)* Watchmen-*esque.*

*Because the action on the movie screen is/should be basically what's happening with Bloodshot and Sklar, I'll just describe that foreground action -- except where otherwise specified.*

*Here we go...*

*PANEL 1*
Bloodshot is CHARGING towards Sklar.

NARRATION CAPTION
I almost think to **ask** him if he's shooting up a movie theatre for pay, publicity, or 'cause that's what the voices in his head **told him** to do.

*PANEL 2*
Sklar is firing his AR-15 at Bloodshot and the bullets are taking half of Bloodshot's face off.

ON SCREEN, however, Killshot is angling his head so as to narrowly avoid the oncoming bullets (fired by the bad guy on the screen).

SFX (SKLAR'S GUN)
*BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA*

NARRATION CAPTION
At the end of the day, though, I don't really much care.

*PANEL 3*
Bloodshot -- with half his face blown off -- is now PUNCHING Sklar right in the nose.
(Killshot's face, by the way, is fine.)

SFX
CHOK

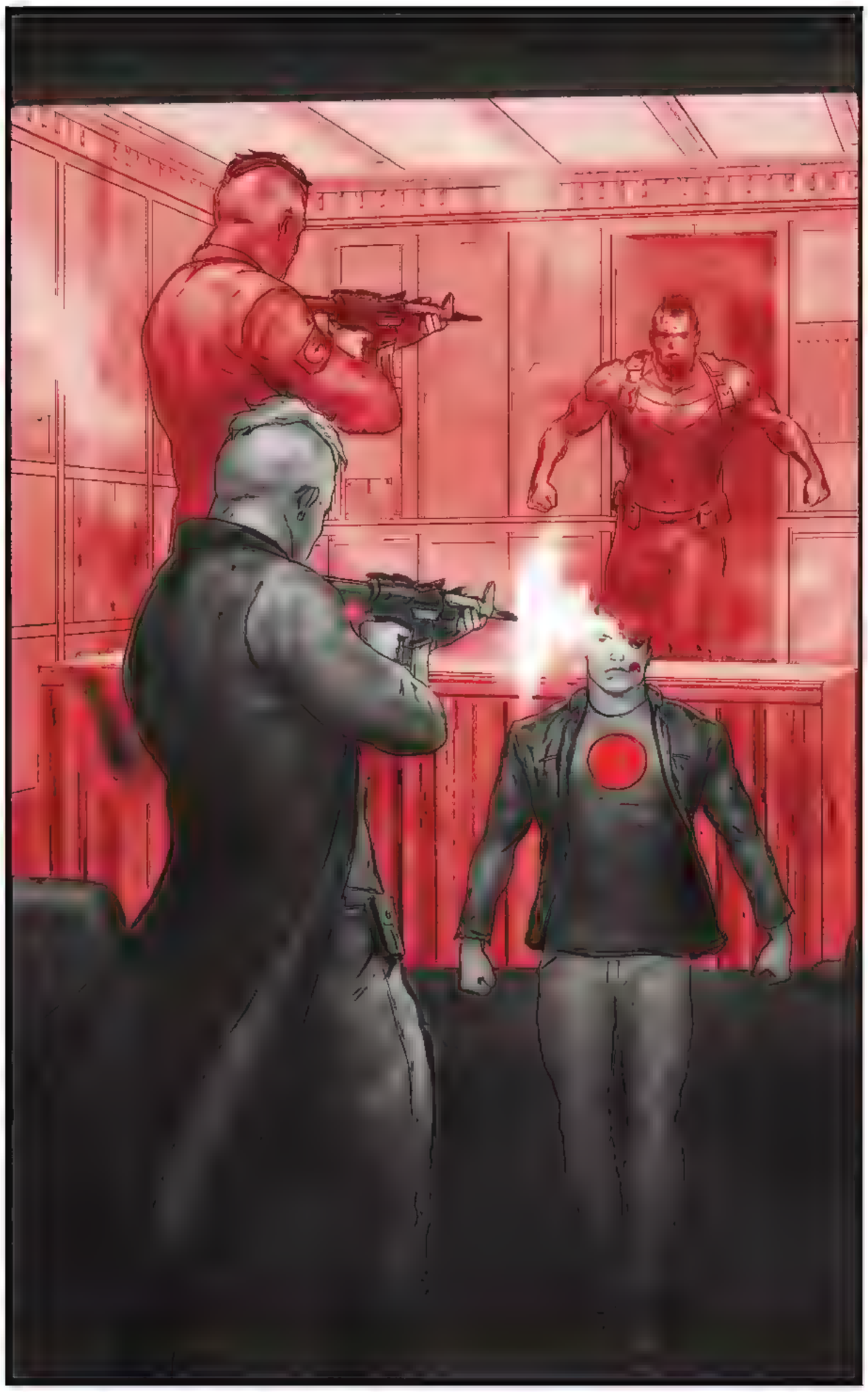
*PANEL 4*

The punch in the previous panel has disoriented Sklar enough that Bloodshot can GRAB the AR-15 with his other hand.

Note that Bloodshot's face is slightly more healed than in Panel 3 now.

(SFX based on art.)

**END OF PAGE FIVE**



**PAGE SIX (4 PANELS)**

*Same deal as the previous page: 4 stacked, page-wide panels with the foreground action being "reflected" on the movie screen playing in the background.*

*PANEL 1*

Bloodshot is now swinging the AR-15 like a club to bash in the side of Sklar's face.

And Bloodshot's face is a little more healed than it was in Panel 4 of the previous page.

SFX
CHONK

*PANEL 2*

Blinded by rage, Sklar is CHARGING at Bloodshot, but Bloodshot is calmly letting him run/fall/stumble past. Once again, Bloodshot's face is a bit more healed.

SKLAR
Kill you, you $#@%ing S#%@er!!!

*PANEL 3*

Now we see why Bloodshot let Sklar pass him in the previous panel: Bloodshot is grabbing Sklar by the back of his trench-coat.

Bloodshot's face is nearly healed here.

SKLAR
*Gngh--!*

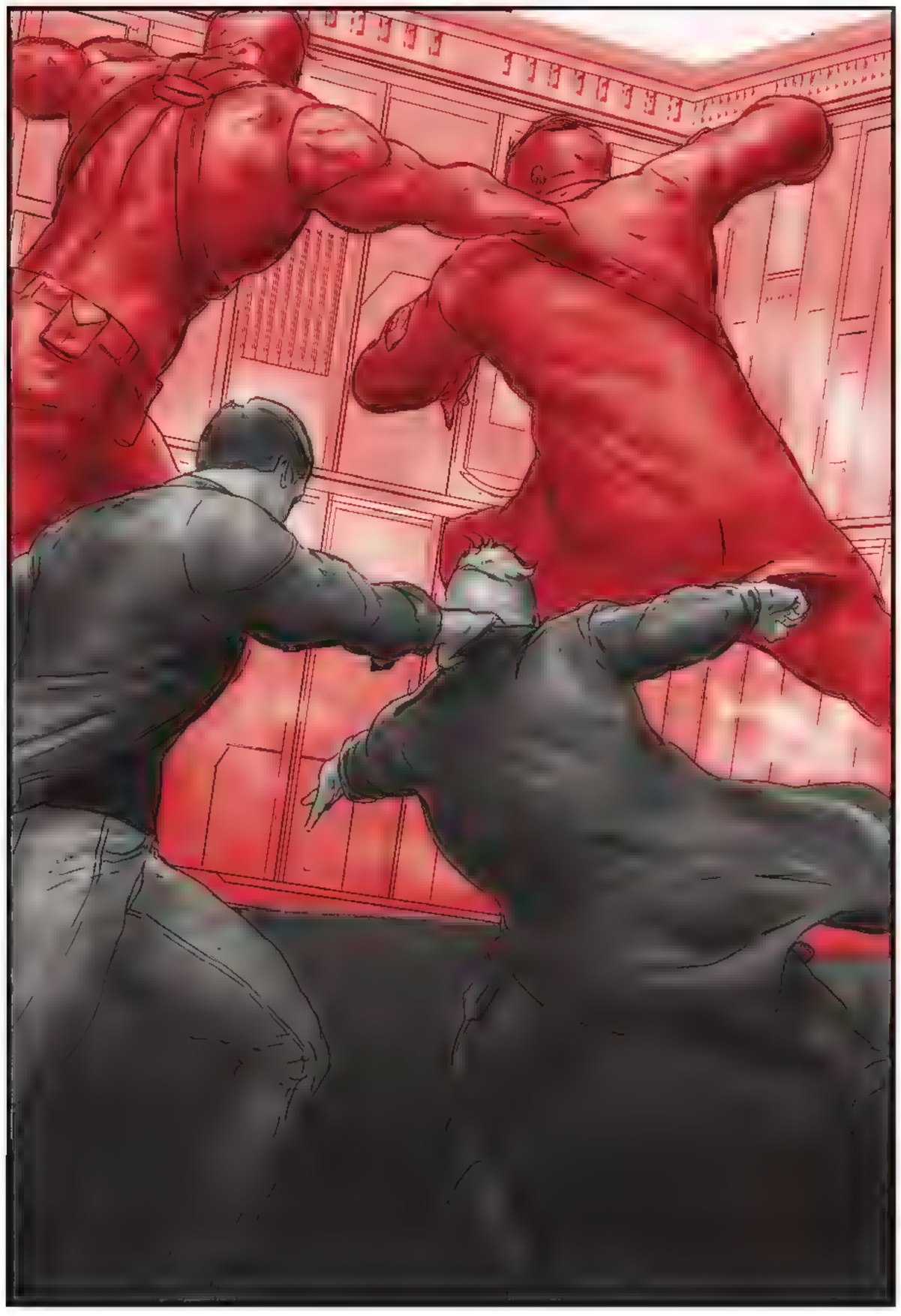
*PANEL 4*

Bloodshot -- his face now fully healed -- is YANKING Sklar back towards him so that he can HEADBUTT the base of Sklar's skull.

SKLAR
*Grr--*

SFX
CLONK

**END OF PAGE SIX**



**PAGE SEVEN (5 PANELS)**

*PANEL 1*

Bloodshot now has Sklar in a CHOKEHOLD. Sklar's teeth are gritted. He can barely breathe.

After the previous two panels, I thought it might be interesting if we were at an angle here where we're just seeing a portion/fraction of the aforementioned action "reflected" on the movie screen. Just a notion.

BLOODSHOT
What was that?

SKLAR
*Hng-- Hggh--*

*PANEL 2*

Closer.

BLOODSHOT
No, you said "Krak."

*PANEL 3*

Closer. Angle favoring Bloodshot.

SKLAR
*No-- Didn't--*

BLOODSHOT
Are you sure?

*PANEL 4*

Bloodshot is now SNAPPING Sklar's neck.

SFX
KRAK

*PANEL 5*

Biggest panel on the page. A high angle looking down on the movie theatre. There's Bloodshot, standing over Sklar's (now) dead body. No one else is in the theatre; it's emptied out.

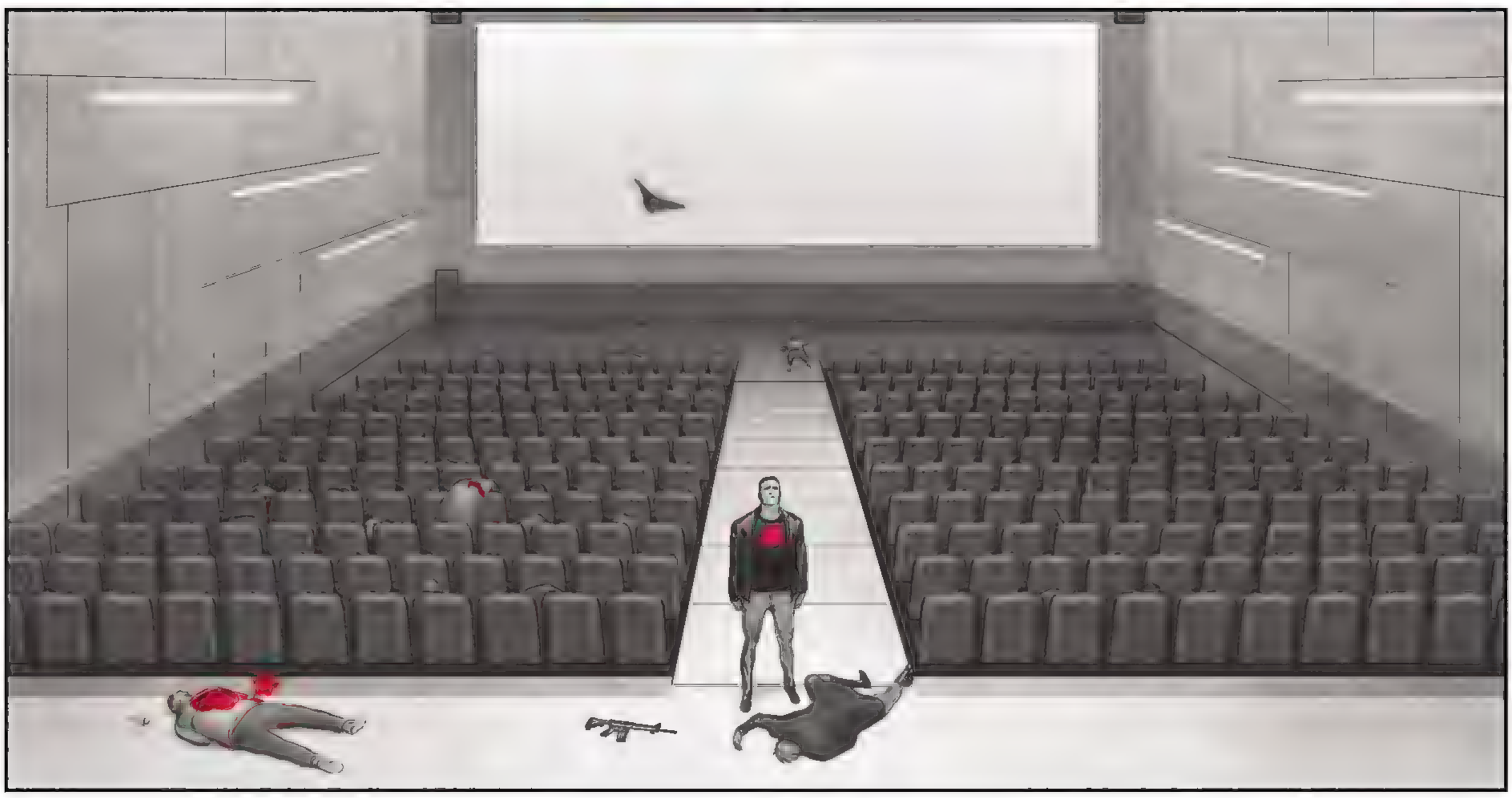
And the movie is no longer playing on the screen.

BLOODSHOT
Can we get the movie going again, please?
(cont'd)
Anyone?
(cont'd)
Hello?

NARRATION CAPTION
Damn.

DIALOGUE CAPTION
"One ticket for *Killshot 4*. That's in Theatre 1, down on your left..."

**END OF PAGE SEVEN**



**PAGE EIGHT (5 PANELS)**

*PANEL 1*

IDENTICAL TO Page 1, Panel 1... *but now we're in a different theatre on a different night. Bloodshot is now wearing a different jacket, t-shirt, and baseball cap combination. And the clerk checking his ticket is a girl in her late teens/early 20s.*

2ND MOVIE THEATRE CLERK
Sorry, I uh...
(cont'd)
I didn't mean to stare.

*PANEL 2*

IDENTICAL TO Page 1, Panel 2... but *Bloodshot is now wearing the aforementioned different outfit.*

BLOODSHOT
My eyes and skin look like this on account of the **billion nanites** that were shot into my bloodstream to **resurrect** me after I **died**.

*PANEL 3*

The clerk is just starring -- slack-jawed and a bit creeped out -- at Bloodshot as he casually moves past her and into the theatre.

2ND MOVIE THEATRE CLERK
Uh...okay.
(cont'd)
Enjoy the movie.

*PANEL 4*

Bloodshot is now a few steps past the clerk. A smug grin on his face.

BLOODSHOT
Oh, I intend to.

*PANEL 5*

Bloodshot is now in the theatre proper. He's sitting in his seat. And, yes, he's got a big bucket of popcorn. Once again, his face is bathed in the light reflected off the movie screen.

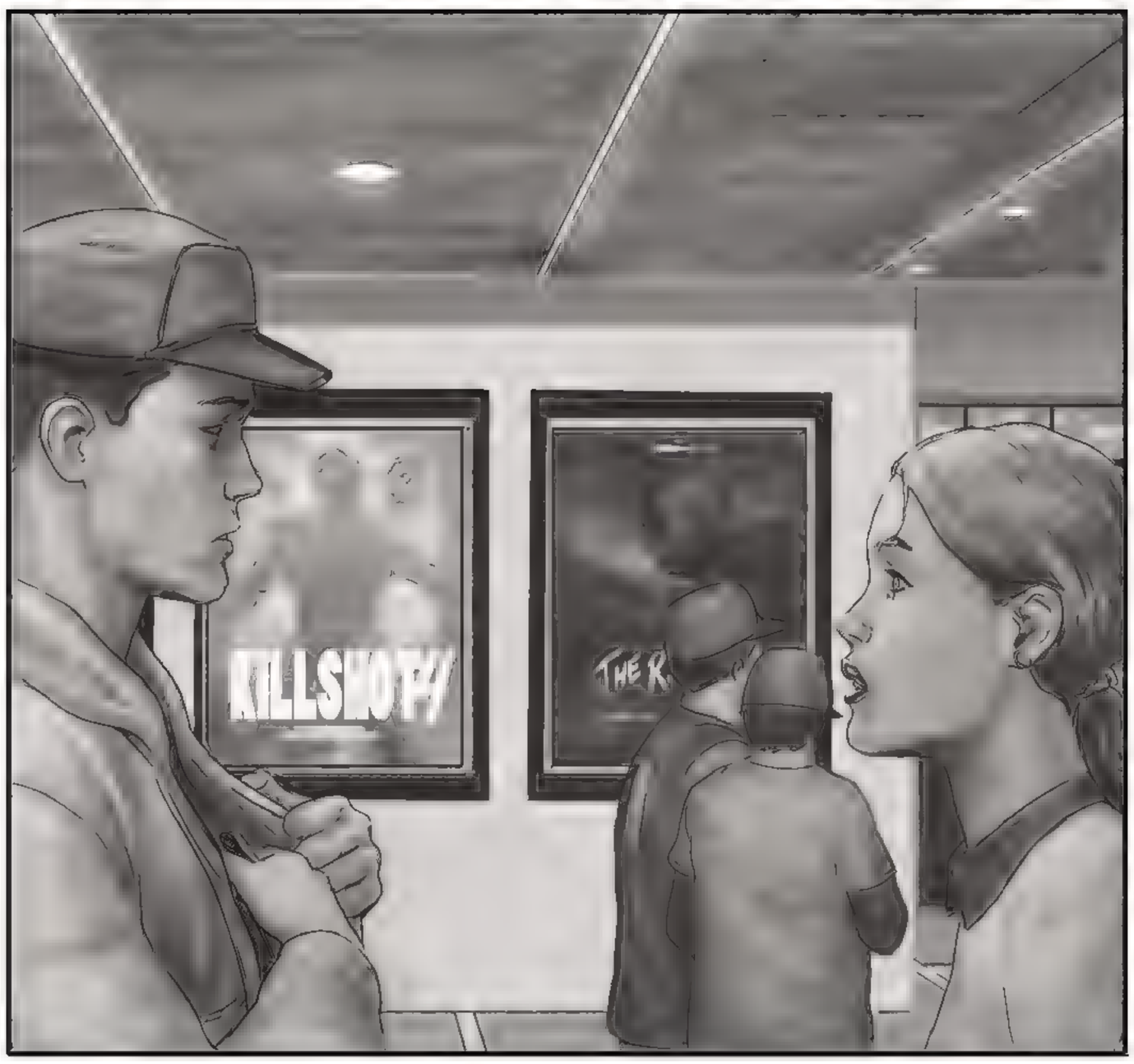
He looks content.

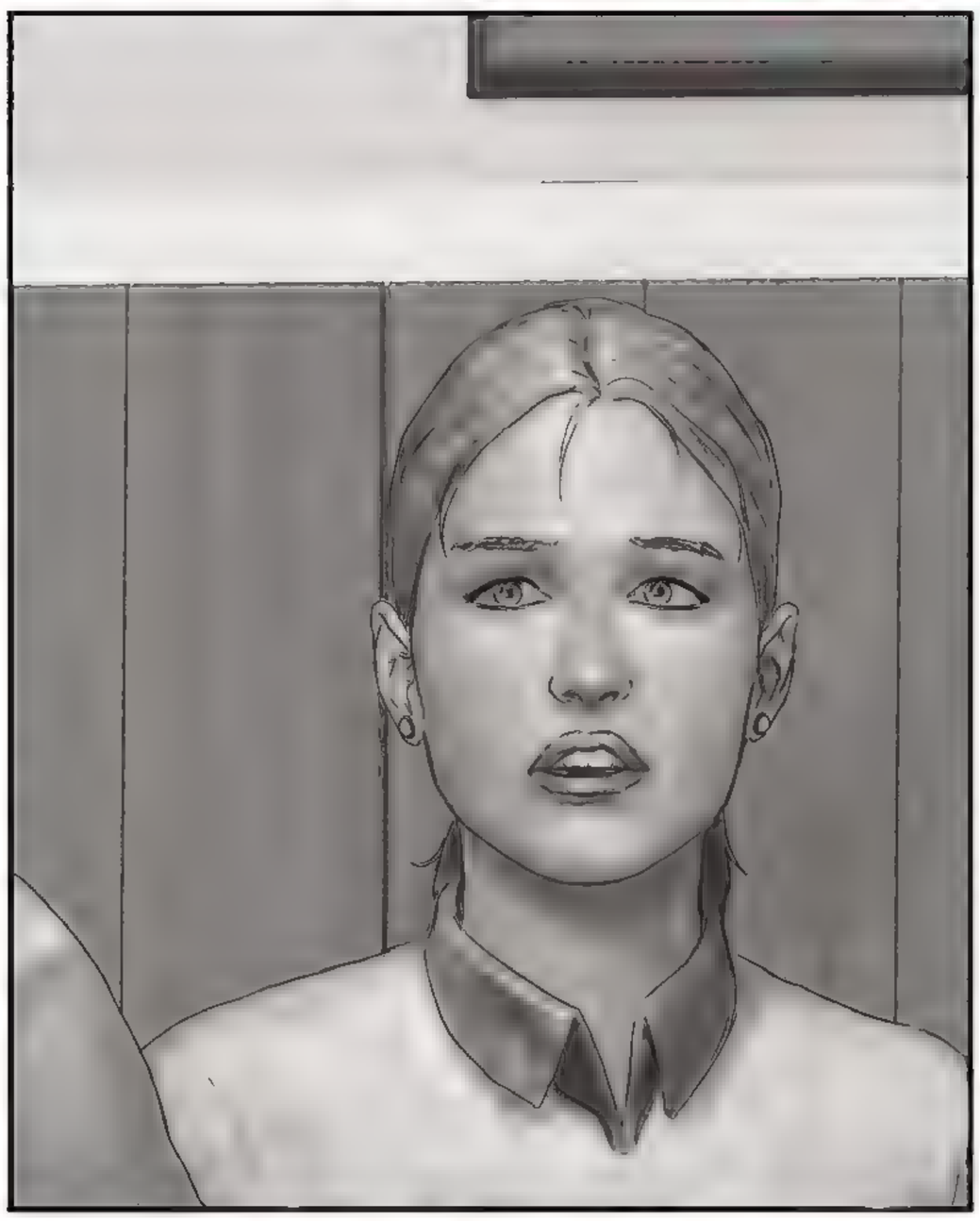
NARRATION CAPTION
Okay.
(cont'd)
Let's try this again...

LEGEND
END.

**END OF BLOODSHOT 8-PAGER**

THEATERS


KILLSHOT
THE R



THEATERS

# BEHIND MICKY

## MATTS' script and GUILLERMO FAJARDO's layouts

**Black, White and Bloodshot**

*Micky*
**Script: Matts**
**Art: Guillermo Fajardo**

**PAGE 1:**

**Panel 1:**
We see Bloodshot on a motorcycle (the one you like the most), arriving at a deserted town, with a dilapidated road on the side. Action pose. We see him facing forward with one foot on the ground and the motorcycle stopped. In the background, a sign that reads "Welcome to Willietown."

*CAP BS:*
It's been a few weeks since this started. A crescendo of noise.
The Nanites.
They are driving me here.

This town in the middle of nowhere.
Something is driving them crazy.
And thus, driving me crazy.

**Panel 2:**
Wide shot of the town, a deserted street, cars parked haphazardly with doors open. It looks like a ghost town. Bloodshot moves slowly on the motorcycle.

*CAP BS:*
All too silent.
Can't be good.

MAD TO DOWN
THIS

**PAGE 2:**

**Panel 1:**
Wide shot, Bloodshot continues riding the motorcycle. We see him from behind. On the sides, he begins to see mutilated bodies and destroyed walls. Gunshot bursts on the walls, about 60 cm from the ground.

*CAP, BS:*
It's a massacre.
I can count at least 22 bodies
in this area.

**Panel 2:**
Close-up of a wall riddled with bullet holes. Half a body is seated against it, missing the entire upper torso where the bullet burst passed through.

*CAP, BS:*
.50 caliber.
Probably an M2.

**Panel 3:**
BS continues on his motorcycle through the blood-stained streets.

*CAP, BS:*
But the range is off. Looks like a
very short person was firing it.
Or a kid...

**Panel 4:**
BS stops and looks to the side.

*BS:*
You can come out.
I'm the good guy.

**Panel 5:**
Hidden children emerge from behind a semi-destroyed building.

*BS:*
Where?

**Panel 6:**
The children point to one side.

*Children:*
The high school.

**Panel 7:**
The children are in the foreground, silhouetted from behind. In the background, we also see BS accelerating and raising a cloud of dust.

*FX:*
BROOOOOOOOMMMM!

K: BLOODSHOT BWB M 2 FAJARDO.

**PAGE 3:**

**Panel 1:**
Wide shot. Sunset. Bloodshot arrives at the high school. We see BS in profile from the waist up, with the school building beside him. Sounds of machine gunfire.
He continues talking about the crazed nanites.

*FX:*
RATATATATATATATA

*CAP BS:*
Definitely an M2.
My Nanites are going crazy.
I've felt this only a few times...

**Panel 2:**
Interior shot of the school hallway. We see BS running in through the main door, carrying his machine gun with both hands. He leaves the motorcycle at the entrance.

*CAP BS:*
I feel my blood boiling...
I never thought I'd say this, but I miss
Bloodsquirt talking to me right now.

**Panel 3:**
From inside a classroom. In the background, we see the door and BS looking horrified at what's inside. In the foreground, we see silhouettes of bloodied hands and legs.

*CAP BS:*
Oh, shit.

**Panel 4:**
Back in the hallway. We see children running towards Bloodshot, shouting and scared.
He faces them in the hall.

*CAP BS:*
These kids are in shock. I need
to calm them down.

**Panel 5:**
Bloodshot uses his nanites to change his appearance to that of a Fireman.

*CAP BS:*
Instill confidence in them.

**Panel 6:**
A child stops in front of "fireman" Bloodshot.

*Child:*
In... in the... library...

**Panel 7:**
POV from BS's back (no longer a fireman). The library door is partially open, and we see a hunched, small, deformed figure firing a large M2 machine gun from behind (silhouetted).

*CAP BS:*
W-What the hell...

*BS:*
STOP!

**PAGE 4:**

**Panel 1:**
Wide shot. We see the assailant from a ¾ angle in the center with the smoking M2 on its hands. Surrounded by bullet casings. It's a small, deformed monster about 5 feet tall with the face of Steamboat Willie Mickey (SBWM). Wearing the typical red shorts but apart from that, the hat, and the face, the rest of the body is a deformity. The face distorts... and it screams.

*SBWM:*
HA HA HA HA

**Panel 2 (insert into panel 1):**
Close-up of BS.

*BS:*
WTF???

**Panel 3:**
SBWM fires the machine gun, hitting BS square in the chest, knocking him down, bloodied.

*SBWM:*
AAAARRRRGGGHHH!!!

*FX:*
RATATATATATA!

**Panel 4:**
Close-up of BS lying on the ground, bloodied. In the background, the mouse turns around and kicks a desk. Terrified children were taking cover behind it.

*SBWM:*
Peekaboo!

**Panel 5:**
Facing the reader, the mouse with a deformed face, sharp teeth, tongue out, addresses the children (back to the reader) and points the gun at them.

*SBWM:*
Hello, Tommy Bracco and Jody Quiroga...
Remember what you did to me?
The beating and the wedgie at Jerry's birthday?
Now you'll pay...

**Panel 6:**
Same shot, but before he shoots, the mouse's head explodes. No blood, just gray liquid.

**Panel 7:**
BS, who fired, evacuates the kids, pointing towards the door.

*BS:*
Run! Get out of here!

*BS CAP:*
There's something about that little monster
that disturbs my nanites...
They're trying to... control it?
Could it be—

**PAGE 5:**

**Panel 1:**
A new burst of gunfire hits BS in the back.

*BS CAP:*
Damn it!

**Panel 2:**
Close-up of Mickey regenerating his head.

*SBWM CAP:*
Ah, you're one of us.

**Panel 3:**
BS fires back fiercely.

*BS:*
I'm not like you!

**Panel 4:**
Mickey takes the shots and returns fire.

*SBWM CAP:*
Ah, but you are.
I can read your nanites.
You used to kill kids too, "brother"...
hahaha!

**Panel 5:**
Bloodshot tackles Mickey, hurling him through a window out of the school... Both crashing through the shattered glass.

*BS:*
How do you do that!?

*BS CAP:*
How can it talk to me telepathically?

No. It's not that. My nanites were trying to hack him. By touching this monster...
Now I understand...

**Panel 6:**
Establishing shot. Back at the school entrance, BS draws his pistols and continues firing at the mouse, who is dangerously approaching BS's motorcycle.

*BS CAP:*
I've never seen anything like it.
It's a being made of nanites, dead rats, and metals?

BOOK: BLOODSHOT BWB - M PAGE # 5 ART BY: FAJARDO.

**PAGE 6:**

**Panel 1:**
The mouse laughs as it takes the shots and holds onto the motorcycle wheel like Mickey holds the ship's wheel in the movie.

*SBWM:*
Why do you keep attacking me?

**Panel 2:**
Mickey hurls the wheel at Bloodshot.

*SBWM:*
We're brothers... can't you see?

**Panel 3:**
Wide shot from the knees up. Bloodshot throws a grenade while still being bombarded by other parts of the motorcycle thrown by the mouse.

*SBWM:*
Oh, boy!

**Panel 4:**
Mickey and the motorcycle explode.

*FX:*
BOOOOOMMM!

**Panel 5:**
Close-up of BS's knees down, standing in front of the wreckage and fire... we see a pool of nanites, moving...

*BS CAP:*
Brothers?
Where did this monstrosity come from?

**Panel 6:**
BS crouches down and extends a finger, absorbing the nanites.

*BS CAP:*
I have to find out.

**Panel 7:**
Close-up of Bloodshot's eyes absorbing the information.

*BS CAP:*
Okay, talk to me... and tell me who's responsible for this massacre.

BOOK: BLOODSHOT BWB - M ISSUE #: PAGE #: 6 ART BY: FAJARDO

SHEET

**PAGE 7:**

**Panel 1:**
Wide shot of an abandoned trailer park. Junk, rats, and a rusty solitary trailer surrounded by garbage. Nighttime.

**Panel 2:**
Interior shot of the trailer. The door opens, and we see BS entering with one of his guns raised. It's a hoarder's place. Full of trash and rats.

*Off-panel:*
Come in.
I've been waiting for you.

**Panel 3:**
Wide shot of a teenager's room, lying on a bed. Quadriplegic, connected to machines. Heavy Metal posters on the wall. Beside him, on armchairs, we see his dead parents, mummified...

*Mickey:*
I see you found the place without any trouble.
I feel my nanites inside you...

*BS:*
What are you?

**Panel 4:**
Close-up of the teenager.

*Mickey:*
I'm what they made me...
Years of constant abuse and bullying...
From all of those damned kids at school... They left me like this after a beating, you know?
A prank went wrong, they said...

**Panel 5:**
Close-up of the mummies. They wear T-shirts that say P.R.S.

*Mickey:*
And them...
My parents...
Lovely people, y'know?

**Panel 6:**
Close-up of BS.

*BS:*
They sold you to P.R.S.
You are a psiot.
You can control the nanites with your mind.

BOOK: BLOODSHOT BWB - M ISSUE #: PAGE #: 7 ART BY: FAJARDO.

TRIM

**PAGE 8:**

**Panel 1:**
Close-up of the teenager. A tear falls from his eye.

*Mickey:*
They opened my brain like an eggshell.
Activated me...

**Panel 2:**
Medium shot, profile. Bloodshot aims his gun at Mickey.

*BS:*
What?
What's going on?

**Panel 3:**
Profile medium shot. Bloodshot aims the gun at the teenager's head. His arm trembles.

*BS:*
I'm not doing this.
Stop it.

*Mickey:*
I'm tired of suffering.
I can still control my nanites inside your body.
I know yours will take over them soon.
I don't have much time.
I need you to put an end to my suffering,
psiot killer.

**Panel 4:**
Close-up of the aiming arm, trembling, and the other hand trying to steer it away...

*BS:*
No.
I won't do it.

**Panel 5:**
Close-up of the teenager, more tears.

*Mickey:*
But you will.
I need this.
Just don't erase my memories from the nanites you got from me.
At least you will remember my existence.
My name is Michael. I used to be happy.
I'm not anymore.

**Panel 6:**
Close-up of Bloodshot. He shoots directly at the camera/reader while trying to restrain himself with his other arm...

*BS:*
NOOO!!

**Panel 7:**
Final panel. Close-up of a framed photo on a wall. We see young Michael, with big thick-framed glasses, curly hair, happily hugging a toy Mickey Mouse (same design as Steamboat Willie).
In the background, we see the silhouette in black of Bloodshot with the smoking gun, holding his head with the other hand. We also see the bed with the dead teenager (in black silhouette), blood streaming from the bullet hole in his head.

**THE END.**

BLOODSHOOT BWB - M 8 FAJARDO.

[ ] BLEED

# BEHIND SYSTEM DYNAMICS

## TIM SEELEY's script and RODRIGO ROCHA's layouts

**TITLE**
Bloodshot in "System Dynamics"
Draft 1
By Tim Seeley
06-07-24

**CHARACTERS**
Bloodshot
Morgan Liffe- A 24 year old female grad student. Any nationality/race is fine. She's usually intelligent and motivated. Sort of a reserved nerd type--glasses, hair pulled up in a ponytail. Should be very likable, and not like someone who we'd think could take out Bloodshot!

**LOCATIONS:**
Some secret science lab, in a storage unit in a neighborhood in Chicago.

**PAGE 1**

**Panel 1:** We focus on Bloodshot's face. His eyes are closed.
Caption (tech/internal computer): ...
Caption (tech/internal computer): ...
Caption (tech/internal computer): ...

**Panel 2:** Same basic shot. They open. red, pupilless.
Caption (tech/internal computer): System.
Caption (tech/internal computer): System: Restarting.
Bloodshot: Hnh.

**Panel 3:** Past him. He sees that he's in a small room, packed with lab equipment. They place is mostly dark, save for lights shining on various computers screen and mechanical devices. Lots of wires and tubes.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Up. I'm up.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): I'm in a lab. Again.

**Panel 4:** He looks to his wrists. He's been tied to a table with several plastic ties on each wrist.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): And I'm tied down. Again.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Started my life this way. Probably end it that way too.
Morgan (jag, creepy, from off panel): **Bloodshot.**

**Panel 5:** A figure enters, mostly in shadow, wearing an elaborate and creepy looking gasmask. It's unclear if it's male or female. But it's strange, even alien maybe,
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Maybe this is the one to do it.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Some **Spider Alien** butcher or **H.A.R.D Corps** power thief.
Morgan (jag, creepy): Bloodshot. I--

Panel 6: Small inset. And then the masked figure coughs, hard.
Sfx (small to bigger): coff coff coff COFF COFFF

**PAGE 2**

**Panel 1:** The figure pulls off the mask. It's just a young girl... not scary at all, trying to catch er breath.
Morgan: Hnh. coff.
Morgan: Sorry. Sorry. I've got that...long covid...pfh.

**Panel 2:** Pull back a bit now. Bloodshot, tied to the table as Morgan takes a pull from an inhaler. She's awkward, nerdy. Not threatening.
Morgan: Hnh hnh
SFX: Pssht.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Not an alien or a cyborg. She's a kid. Just a kid.

**Panel 3:** On her now. She's apologetic. Very cute. Very nonthreatening.
Morgan: Sorry about interrupting your mission. coff.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): My mission.

**Panel 4:** FLASHBACK. Perhaps red as a tint/key color so we know it's the past. Bloodshot is in Chicago alley out on the Westside, He's wearing a trench coat, armed with two guns, leaning against an alley wall ready to leap out an attack. Night.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): I'd come to Chicago on the hunt for a human trafficking ring out of Las Vegas.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Followed the trail to a scumbag people called "Noah..." as in "Noah's Ark..."

**Panel 5:** FLASHBACK. Bloodshot, in some big two fisted action leap as he leaps from behind the alley, ready to fire both guns.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): As in a collector of living things.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Was gonna sink the sonovabitch when...

**PAGE 3**

**Panel 1:** FLASHBACK. And, Bloodshot suddenly gets hit with a massive pulse of Electromagnetic force that causes his body to spam massively, his nanites practically scrambling out of his body.

Caption (tech/internal computer): System sszk failure
Caption (tech/internal computer): System...
Bloodshot: Ahhhh!!

**Panel 2:** FLASHBACK. He falls unconscious in the alley in front of a totally shocked Russian mafia guy and his sexy girlfriend. All around him are "traps" laid on the groud...small homeemade devices about the size of a sodcan.

Caption (tech/internal computer): ...
Caption (tech/internal computer): ...
Caption (tech/internal computer): ...
Bloodshot: ghk.

**Panel 3:** Back in the room, Bloodshot remembering all that, with a slight smirk on his face. Morgan is busying herself with some equipment and a computer screen. She awkwardly accepts the compliment.

Bloodshot: Miniaturized EMF emitters. Size of a soda can, strength of a sunspot. You come up with that?
Morgan: Yeah. It's what I do...
Caption (Bloodshot narration): She talks like a junior high kid giving their first awkward prestation to class.

**Panel 4:** On Morgan, still tinkering with some equipment and screen, not looking at Bloodshot as she talks.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): Her name's Morgan. She's a grad student at U of I.
Caption (Bloodshot narration):Bioenvironmental sciences.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Plays on the volleyball team. Has a cat named "Kevin."

**Panel 5**: On Bloodshot's face. He's mostly calm and cool throughout this.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): Not my usual mad scientist.
Bloodshot: Morgan...
Bloodshot: Why am I here?

**PAGE 4**

**Panel 1:** On Morgan. Rubs the back of her hand beneath her nose.

Morgan: It was the pandemic that did it. The supply chain disruptions. Certain foods disappeared. Some got impossibly expensive. And that was from **a virus**.

**Panel 2:** She turns back towards him. Very serious. In the foreground is a tin can with a pen and an x-acto knife sitting in it.

Morgan: Climate change, Bloodshot. The world is getting warmer, fast. The disruption of crop growth, livestock maintenance and coastal shipping...it's going to be tremendous.
Morgan: Catastrophic.

**Panel 3:** She picks up that X-acto knife. She looks grossed out by what she's about to do.

Morgan: I've been following you the last few years when you show up on the news. That thing in New York. The fight with **Man-o-war**.
Morgan: You've got these **nanites**.

**Panel 4:** She runs it down the length of Bloodshot's abdomen, opening a long would in his guts.

SFX: SLK
Morgan (from off panel): It's not just that they work so efficiently and so well coordinated after you get shot or blown up.
Morgan: It's what they're able to do with such relatively little protein.

**Panel 5:** And it sews itself shut with his nanites.

Morgan: You think of yourself as a **self-healer**.
Morgan: But what you really are is a massive **meat producer**.
Morgan: And I can use that, Bloodshot...

BLOODSHOT SYSTEM DYNAMICS – LOYAUTS – ~~24~~ 24

**PAGE 5**

**Panel 1:** She looks at him matter of factly.
Morgan: I can use you to feed **the future**.

**Panel 2:** Bloodshot suddenly strains hard against the restraints, his body buckling. He scares Morgan a little bit.
Bloodshot: You're insane!! Bat-shit fucking nuts! I'm not your goddamn pink-slime machine!
Morgan: Oh god.
Bloodshot: I'm a weapon! I'm an immortal kill-engine, and I'll---I'll...

**Panel 3:** On him as he thinks about it. he calms down.
Bloodshot: ...
Caption (Bloodshot narration): I think about my "missions." How I take out a couple of scumbags here and there. "Noah" today, some other crook tomorrow.

**Panel 4:** On Morgan, concerned fear on her face as she waits to see what he'll do.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Maybe I get in another fight with Aric or H.A.R.D Corps. Maybe I do a little bit of good with this immortal kill engine body. But what I don't do?

**Panel 5:** On Bloodshot. Accepting his faith, looking over at her.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): Save the world.
Bloodshot: Shit. You're right.

**PAGE 6**

**Panel 1:** Bloodshot, calming down now, formulating a plan in his head, as Morgan goes back to work.
Bloodshot: Look, Morgan. I'm with you. This is good. Better than I can do.
Bloodshot: But we've got to be smart about this, okay? Listen to me...my head is in this, but my body isn't all mine.

**Panel 2:** On Bloodshot.
Bloodshot: It has defenses for this kind of thing. **Automatic** defenses. But they can be fooled. You just have to work slow. Lull my onboard computer into a false sense of security.

**Panel 3:** Past him. She's turned away from him, working away.
Bloodshot: Days. Weeks if you can. Draw it out. Make it seem routine.
Bloodshot: It'll suck. But it'll be worth it. For the world.

**Panel 4:** Same shot.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): But she's not listening.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): And I realize the way she's working right now...the way she won't look me in my red eyes...she's desperate.

**Panel 5:** Past Bloodshot, where he's tied up. A large, terrifying looking drill on a mechanical arm lurches forward, controlled by Morgan.
Caption (Bloodshot narration): There are others working on projects. Others seeking funding. Similar ideas. Maybe with more predictable materials.
SFX: VNNN
Bloodshot: Morgan---?

**PAGE 7**

**Panel 1:** The mechanical arm jams it's end right into the red dot on Bloodshot's chest. Electricity arcs around him

Caption (Bloodshot narration): Morgan wants to save the world. She wants to feed starving children on a planet which is going to be ravaged by floods and plagues.

Bloodshot: Kid, I'm warning you!

**Panel 2:** Her screams in agony as the arm starts to extract Bloodshot's machinery. Perhaps this is a cutaway or some kind of x-ray image. His body is revolting . Bolts of electricity arc all around him.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): But she knows she still lives in the system.

Bloodshot: Aaaiiighhk!

**Panel 3:** On Bloodshot's eyes, as he's clearly in pain, and his defenses kick in.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): And in this system a good idea without money, is just an idea.

Caption (tech/internal computer): System under attack.

**Panel 4:** On his arm straining hard against those plastic ties.

Caption (tech/internal computer): Initiating unlimited defense.

**Panel 5:** On poor oblivious Morgan, looking at her screen, unaware of the dark human figure behind her...

Morgan: I...I think I did it, Bloodshot.

Morgan: I think...

Caption (tech/internal computer): Initiating.

**PAGE 8**

**Panel 1:** Bloodshot, behind her, free of the restraints, snaps poor Morgans neck, very aggressively and gruesomely. Bloodshot's eyes are closed.

Caption (tech/internal computer): Extreme sanction.

SFX: SNAK

Morgan: Ghk.

**Panel 2:** On Bloodshot's eyes. Closed.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): She could have saved the world.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): **We** could have.

Caption (tech/internal computer): Target neutralized.

**Panel 3:** And he opens them. It's all over.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): But the system... mine or hers, always has to contend with a more powerful force.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): Self-interest.

**Panel 4:** He walks away in the background. In the foreground, her innocent, dead face, staring into nothing.

Caption (Bloodshot narration): And there's no saving any of us from that.

Caption: The End

BLOODSHOT SYSTEM DYNAMICS — LOYAUTS — ~~24~~ 24

# BEHIND THE COVERS

## GUILLERMO FAJARDO's sketches for BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT #1 main cover

BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT #1 cover A by Guillermo Fajardo.

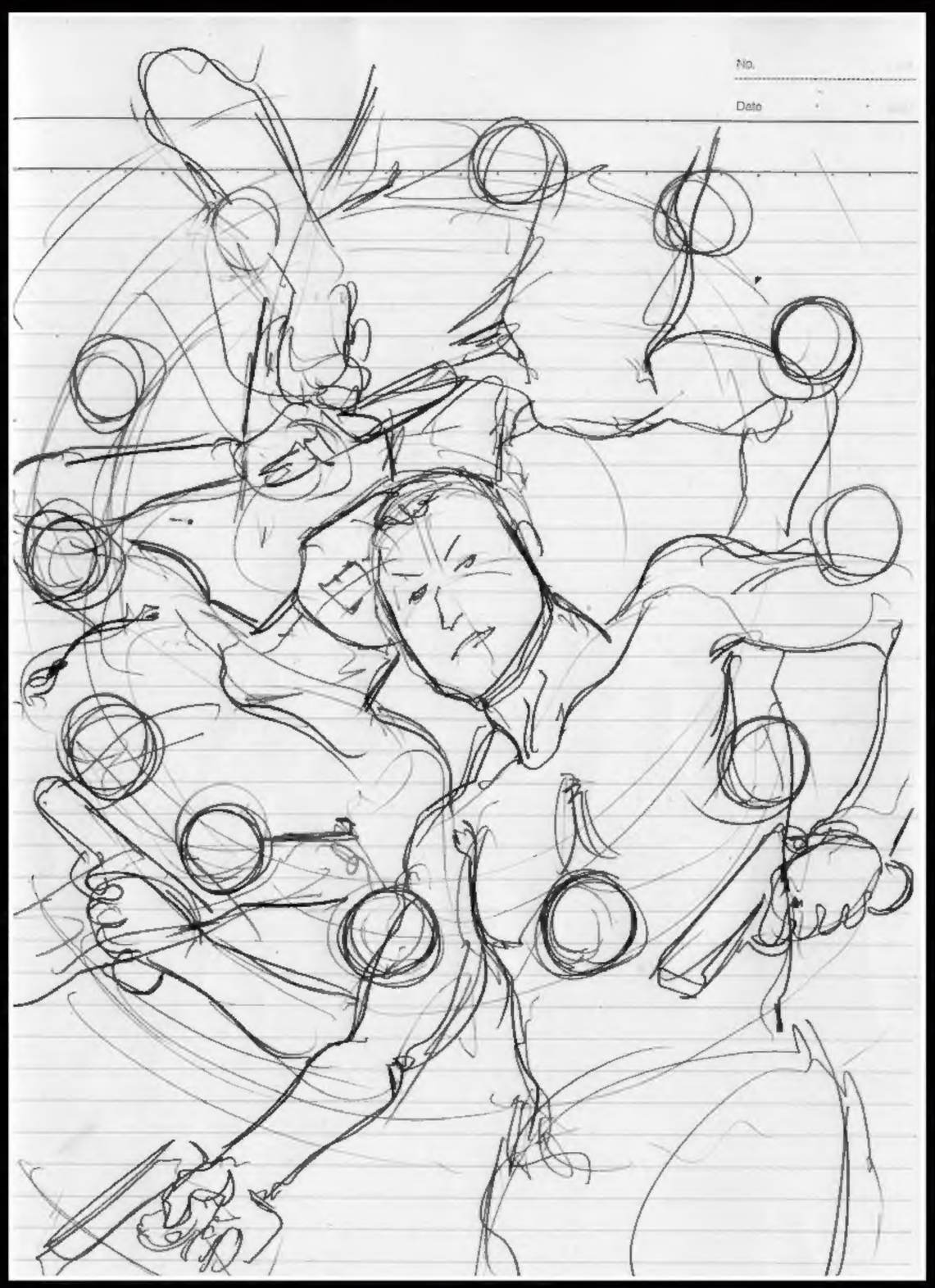
BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT #1 cover B by Matias Bergara.

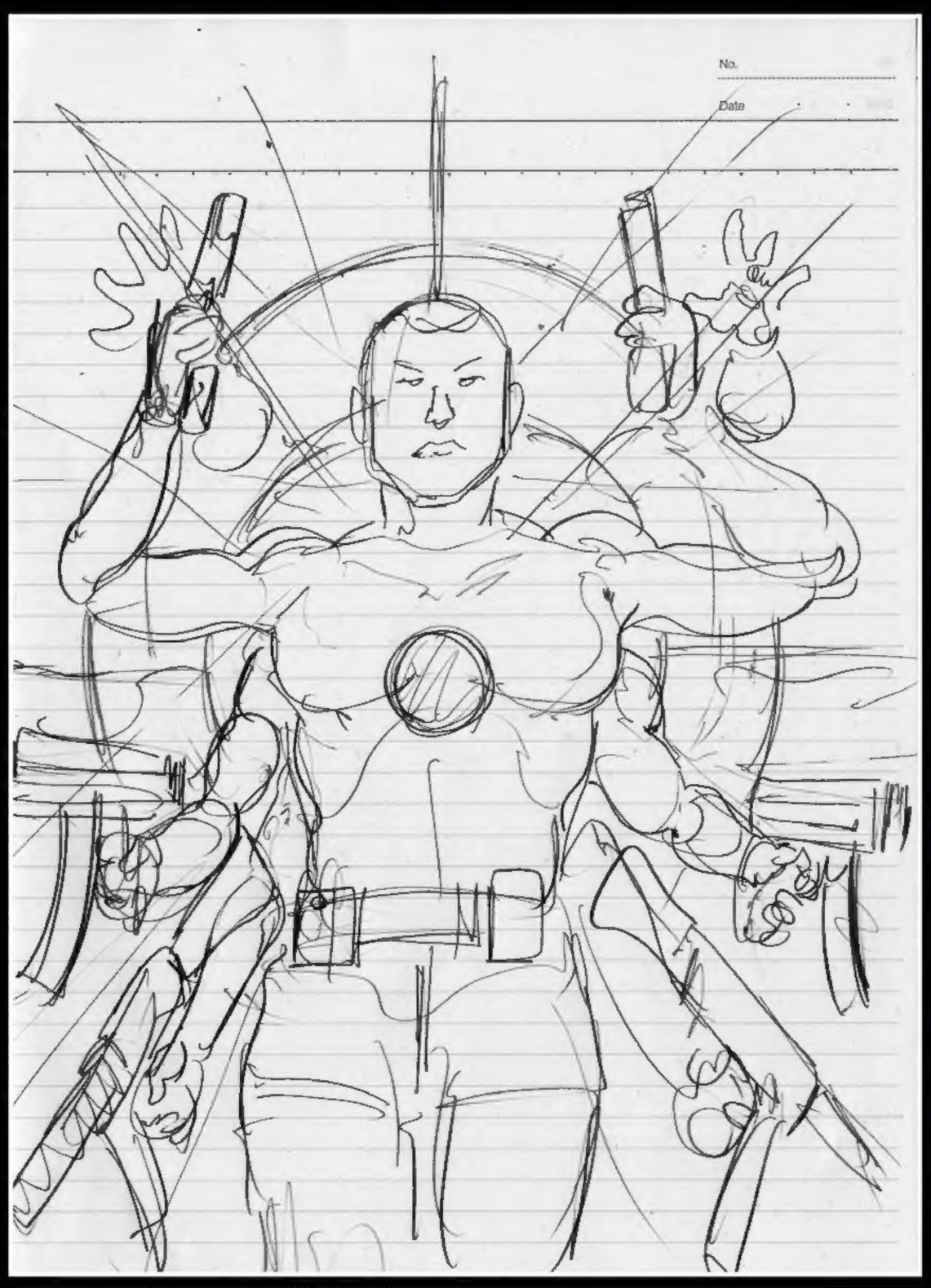
BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT #1 cover C by Al Barrionuevo.

BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT #1 cover D by Ariel Olivetti and Martin Canale.

# BEHIND THE COVERS II

## SHINTARO KAGO's sketches for BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT Kickstarter cover





BLACK, WHITE & BLOODSHOT #1 KICKSTARTER EXCLUSIVE cover by Shintaro Kago.

# SON OF ULTRON

# "THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"